

# NEW! ANGEL FACE

Heavenly new make-up . . .  
Goes on without water! . . . and stays!

by  
**POND'S**

*New!*  
*Not a cake make-up—*  
*No water! Not drying!*

Easier to apply! No wet sponge — no greasy fingertips! Just smooth on your Angel Face with its own downy-soft puffet. You'll love the glamour-toned mat finish it gives your skin — softer than cake make-up — and *not* drying!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 21, 1951

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ANOTHER AMAZING DISCOVERY BY RICHARD HUDNUT

# NEUTRALISER BOOSTER!

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## Richard Hudnut home permanent

with NEUTRALISER BOOSTER

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**MOST NATURAL-LOOKING CURLS**

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Give yourself a dream wave with Richard Hudnut Home Permanent. At all chemists and selected department stores.

Pretty girls with Pretty curls use Richard Hudnut Home Permanent



# BLUEPRINT for JIGGER

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

AUNT TILL was holding forth on her favorite subject. "She is stuffed with bookish ideas like a fowl with force-meat!" she said. "And she is my niece as well as your daughter. You have had eighteen years—and look at her! Give me six months . . ."

"And no one will look at her! What's wrong with her? Sound nerves, good teeth, never ill. She's just beginning to know my tastes," Richard said.

"O-oh!" Aunt Till made a sound like steam escaping. "The selfishness—the colossal, overbearing egotism of the male! Because she knows how strong to make your tea and how to grill steak . . ."

"Where," he said with interest, "do you get the steak?"

"Don't side-track. Year after year the child will hang on here until she grows just one way—eccentric. And you, being an artist, should know all about that! Richard, I'm taking her away."

"Where?"  
"Back to town."  
"Why?"

"To give her a chance."  
"Of what, in pity's name?"

"Marriage!" Aunt Till said, giving it the full weight of feminine importance.

"Marriage? Jigger?" He laughed uproariously, as at some monstrous joke. Then, when she continued to look calmly at him, he calmed, too, and said again, "Marriage? Jigger?" in quite a different tone. Perhaps he was thinking of his own short, blissful marriage with Fay and the long years afterwards, alone.

"And that ridiculous name—like a piece of machinery! Why not call her by her name—Jacqueline?"

"She called herself Jigger."

"When?"

"At eighteen months," he said proudly.

"Richard, you are blind, deaf, and asleep. You may be a successful painter, but I don't know how you get your pictures packed and ready for the exhibition."

"Jigger does them."

"Then I take it you won't be represented at this year's Academy," Aunt Till said grimly, "for Jacqueline won't be here to pack them."

"You'll change her. You'll wave her hair and paint her face and," with disgust, "her toe-nails. She'll come back here a mincing horror."

"She'll come back here an attractive, up-to-date girl."

"That's what I mean."

Jigger sat on the wall, staring out across the Bay. There was nothing in front of the house save the Bay. The wide, grey-blue, illimitable, satisfying Bay. On a clear day you could see the islands, amethyst and topaz, and they always seemed to beckon to Jigger, so that she knew where she would go when this world got too much for her.

They were beckoning to-day.

She knew what Aunt Till was telling Father and, if he gave in, then she would have to leave all this. At the thought, her face became filled with sadness, her shoulders sagged. All day, every day, Jigger was a one-man band, playing to her own emotions.

She didn't go away to school because her head was stuffed with the more lurid school stories and she saw herself the tormented outcast—the new girl who was different—persecuted, tortured, "sent to Coventry." There were a few governesses, but for the past three years they had been alone together—Richard and Jacqueline Ford—and Jigger, in her spare time, filled to bursting point a mind already saturated with the printed word.

She read every book she could lay hands on: classics, travel books, catalogues, novelettes. When she was in the mood, she loved novelettes. Martha had a pile of them in the kitchen cupboard, and Jigger could always borrow them. So that the people she read about were closer and more real and made more sense than those she met—because she didn't meet many.

There were the village people and there was John Holt from the vicarage, but he, in a civilised way, had been in school three-quarters of every year and was now in college. She didn't know any girls of her own age, so was spared that, and, since her father didn't paint portraits, she didn't know if she were pretty or not.

She knew about love, of course. It came into every book, save the catalogues, from the classics to the novelettes—especially the novelettes. It seemed you couldn't write a book without love coming into it somewhere.

But at the thought of love, Jigger's play-acting stopped. She couldn't mime that because she had never seen anyone in love. Certainly she loved her father—but certainly she would not care to marry anyone like him.

Aunt Till was calling. Jigger rose and walked up the sandy path towards the house. She longed to ask her aunt, "What am I like? What do you see?" Then . . . "Is it a slight, beautiful girl,

*Lost in her own dreaming, the gay life that was planned for her faded into shadow.*

slim, with the promise of great beauty, an obviously noble soul . . . ?"

"Take those jeans off!" Aunt Till said. "I want to see what shape your legs are."

That night John called, as he did every night he was home, and she told him she was leaving. He was studying engineering and when he was qualified—it wouldn't be long now—he was going away. To the Rhodesias (North and South) or New Zealand or somewhere with plenty of space. Jigger had seen herself, often, at Southampton, waving a lonely handkerchief.

Now it was she who was going.  
"I shall come back changed."

Something in the way she said it, a shade of sincerity beneath Jigger's eternal play-acting, made him examine her more closely, as he would a blueprint.

"Will it be a good thing if I change?" she went on. "Will you be pleased?"

"Of course," he said kindly, and bent forward and kissed her cheek, and Jigger fell in love.

Before she left, Aunt Till ruthlessly and basely made a note of Richard Ford's finances. What she saw made her eyes gleam.

"Can I have her back at the end of six months?" Richard demanded.

"If she wants to come."

All the way to London Jigger was the passive young girl, numbed with grief, torn from a well-loved parent to further the worldly schemes of her aunt. Aunt Till, who was getting to know Jigger, let her get on with it.

Briskly on Monday morning, however, she took Jigger in hand. Like a lamb, Jigger followed and obeyed. Her hair was cut shorter, and it made her blue eyes larger. The accent of color in her cheeks and on her lips made her eyes bluer. Free from the denims, Aunt Till discovered, Jigger walked gracefully and easily and her legs were excellent. They both agreed frills were out. Even so, there were still a number of attractive non-frilly lines in and they had a good time among them.

Please turn to page 8

A COMPLETE  
SHORT STORY

by  
Mollie  
Chappel



# Change to this modern POWDER DEODORANT

Sno-Mist is better than pastes and liquids...it's clean, dry, absorbent...and the easiest ever to apply



Apply direct from the patent "puffer-pack"!

Sno-Mist is so easy to use—so pleasant—so effective—discriminating women the world over are preferring it to pastes and liquids.

Just press the top to apply where you want it. Sno-Mist sprays on—stays on—stops odour instantly and gives lasting protection. Use Sno-Mist to check perspiration, too—prevent unsightly stains on clothes.

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Economical in use—lasts and lasts!



## SNO-MIST

THE POWDER DEODORANT YOU Spray ON

SNO 31 79

## Blueprint for Jigger

Continued from page 7

THEN before Jigger went to her first outside party Aunt Till briefed her, for by this time she knew how great was the power of persuasion with her niece.

"I want you to know I haven't brought you here to sell you off to the highest bidder. You are no sacrificial lamb, Jacqueline, however many books you have read. You are a young, pretty, very charming girl." Deliberately she emphasised every word, and before her eyes Jacqueline became prettier and more charming. "I want you to enjoy yourself."

Jigger, as Miss Jacqueline Ford, was the success of the season. At night she stood in her striped poplin pyjamas, from which she refused to be separated, looked herself over in the mirror, and said, "You're doing fine."

But her heart was still in Dilling and she still loved John, and she kept the two letters from him and the note her father sent her about his library books locked in a box on her dressing-table.

She had become used to having Roddy around before she realised what other people were making of it. Roddy was such a real person, even Jigger couldn't translate him between two paper covers. He had a job in the city, but evenings and week-ends he took her about quite a lot and showed her obscure, delightful parts of London she didn't know existed. And Aunt Till, watching, nodded and smiled like a mandarin and felt as clever.

Perhaps it was unfortunate that Jigger should overhear a conversation not intended for her—although (why not admit it?) they are the only conversations worth hearing. She was sitting in the far, dark corner of the powder-room hiding from her partner (or from the thought of going back to him), examining the damage to her nylons and wondering whether he would cut her feet to pieces if she took off her stockings altogether, when she heard her name. Being a normal girl, she listened.

"Richard Ford has masses. There was money before he started painting."

Jigger was indignant and almost spoiled everything by coming out and telling exactly how much was left, after taxes.

"And there's Miss Till—money again! Some people have it all. Jacqueline's a strange girl, don't you think? Too good to be true. No, I don't mean that way. But if you were to think up a deb to outshine all deb, it would be she! I feel, when I'm with her, that I want to clap!"

"She should clap. All this and Roddy, too."

"Roddy's on a rebound."

"People have been caught

on rebounds so that they never bounced again. And," doubtfully, "been happy, I suppose?"

"I suppose. Anyway, there's not much hope for Elisabeth. Not against the armed forces of Miss Till and Jacqueline."

"Poor Elisabeth. But you won't get much out of her." Jigger, forgetting her stockings, forgetting her partner, stayed on in her dark corner, throbbing with excitement. In how many books had not the plot conveniently "twisted" by reason of a conversation overheard? She wondered which Elisabeth it was who loved Roddy and lost him so that he rebounded right on to her lap.

She knew two. But it wasn't Elisabeth James, for she was heavily engaged. It must be Elisabeth Crane—and it was true she wouldn't let you know the way she felt. She was The Lady of Shalott or The Lily Maid of Astolat—Jigger never could decide which. Something Tennysonian.

"But I will get close—neck and neck—I'll rub shoulders," she promised herself. The germ of a plan, as good as any she had read, was in her mind, and before she went to sleep that night she had it perfected.

From that moment she saw less of Roddy and more of Elisabeth. Elisabeth studied art—what could be nicer? One day Jigger met Elisabeth in a teashop, and when the meal was over had invited her to Dilling that week-end to meet her father. Elisabeth was overwhelmed and promised to come down on the Friday.

The next evening Jigger went to the cinema with Roddy, who played into her hands by saying he didn't see her alone any more. "All these people..." he said, waving his hand around the packed stalls.

But Jigger thought, reasonably, they must all want to see the film, not only Roddy and herself. She murmured, loud enough for him to hear, "We could be alone at Dilling. Nothing but the sea and the sky and the sound of gulls, and my father." And in her eyes, at the moment, was all the loneliness of sea and sky and gulls calling.

Roddy looked startled, but said he would love to see Dilling.

"There's a good train at nine-ten on Saturday," Jigger told him.

She could hardly wait to see what would happen when Elisabeth and Roddy came face to face. Here was a book played out before her. But she was secretly disappointed and decided they must be sparsely hiding what they felt. Any lady novelist—or even a man—would have given at least five hundred words to the

gasp of surprise, the sweep of red into face and neck, the averted gaze, the trembling hands.

"Hallo, Roddy," Elisabeth murmured, and went back to sit at the feet of Richard Ford, while Roddy helped Jigger shell peas, there on the garden seat with the sun hot on their heads.

Afraid of showing their feelings, Jigger thought generously. A week-end together would work wonders, and she would see they were together. John was home at the moment, and that made it perfect. Two books in one. For should not she be trembling with eagerness to see him again after all these weeks, since he was her childhood village sweetheart?

It took Jigger exactly twenty-four hours to prove these words just a piece of nonsense. None of the characters, save herself, would do what was expected of them! On the next night, Sunday, she came upon Elisabeth in John's arms, and the way John kissed her was not at all brotherly and left no room whatever for doubt.

WITH a sob, Jigger turned and bumped into Roddy, who led her out to the garden seat and sat there with his arm round her and asked what was wrong.

"Elisabeth and John..."

"Love at first sight. You read about it—and here it is, like any book. They will go out to Africa. In shorts and topee he will superintend the putting up of power stations, out in the bundi, and in shorts and straw hat Elisabeth—until the babies come—will go with him and fill canvases with a lot of blue-brown paint, which is so curiously right and restful for the veldt. They will be very happy."

"But they don't know each other."

"Time doesn't matter. A step towards you—the look in her eyes—that's all the time you want," said Roddy the poet. "You don't want time to fall in love. You have all the time in the world, afterwards, for loving."

"Roddy, that's beautiful!" Jigger sighed and put her head on his shoulder, for she was tired and perplexed. Like many an author before, she found her characters were running away with her.

"Elisabeth is very happy," Roddy said. "She told me so. 'I loved him,' she said, 'from the moment Jacqueline brought him in.'"

"How could she? When he was mine? And how could she tell you? How could she be so heartless? When you and she..."

"Darling Jigger, was that your intention? Elisabeth and I might have wondered once. But we were sensible. 'No,' we said, 'we will go on looking.' It was sweet of you to bring us together to mend our broken hearts. But you reckoned without John."

Jigger sat upright. "John! I loved him. He was my childhood sweetheart, ready for me to go back to..." He wailed she repeated doubtfully.

Valiantly, to his everlasting credit, Roddy managed not to laugh. He knew that if he did she would never forgive him, and he wanted a great deal from her without, at this early stage, forgiveness.

"And is your heart broken?" Almost as though she were feeling it, turning it over carefully, looking for the crack, Jigger paused before she spoke. "No. Not a twinge."

"Good!" They sat while faintly, beneath the wall, the sea murmured. That restful, soothing sound. The moon silvered Jigger in her white dress so that she looked like a princess in a fairy tale. Roddy knew what he had to do, and if it would get him where he wanted to be—with Jigger, anywhere with Jigger—he was prepared to try.

As hard as he could, he looked lonely. Lonely and unhappy. He sighed.

"What is it, Roddy?"

He shook his head. There are things that go too deep for words. Jigger slipped her hand into his. She did not quite believe what he had said about Elisabeth. He was being chivalrous. Elisabeth was very beautiful. You couldn't see her turn her back on you and run into John's arms without feeling something. Roddy was being very brave.

She looked at him. He must want comforting. She looked harder... at the dark hair, the familiar, thin face, half-averted, the little droop to the shoulders. So unlike Roddy. Really, someone should comfort him. In books, the nice girl was always about at the right time. Jigger didn't know if she were nice enough, but she could try.

A strange pain, like an arrow piercing, shot clean through her heart. She felt it. An exquisite little pain there was no denying. She gasped a little. But not from fright. From joy.

"Darling, what is it?" he asked.

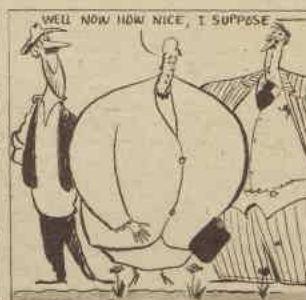
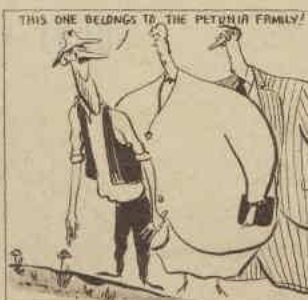
She put her head on his shoulder, but Roddy raised it. He stared down at her. He kissed her, slowly, lovingly. Then, gently, he put her head back on his shoulder again.

Jigger had read about it often, but none of the books did it justice.

(Copyright)

By GUS

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY





# PART FOUR OF A SEVEN-PART SERIAL

# TRIAL *by* TERROR

By...

**PAUL GALLICO**

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

**JIMMY RACE**, "tough," overbearing news reporter, is under arrest as a spy at Andrássy Prison in Budapest. **ANDREAS ORDY**, Hungarian Minister of Justice, has declared that he will be hanged if found guilty at his trial; and although Jimmy at first makes a spirited resistance, his will power is being scientifically undermined. At length, he is handed over to a psychiatrist, **DR. SOLDESSY**, in a state of collapse following a spell in Room 27.

Meanwhile the staff of Jimmy's paper—the Paris edition of the New York "Morning Standard"—is in consternation, and seeking desperately for some way of helping him.

Eventually **NICK STRANG**, the editor-in-chief, with **SUZY**, his wife and co-editor, **DAD LAPHAM**, managing editor, and **JANET GOODPENNY**, office "mouse" in love with Jimmy, builds up evidence that Andreas Ordý, with an unknown secretary now at large in Paris, was once engaged in anti-Communist activities.

Nick plans to find the secretary, and through him bring pressure to bear on Ordý to secure Jimmy's release. **NOW READ ON:**

**S**PARKED by Nick, and driven by Dad Lapham, the available staff of the Paris edition combed the underworld haunts of the city for a stateless, paperless Hungarian who had arrived in January, 1949, who, lacking working permits or proper identification, could not accept a regular job; and who at all costs must keep out of the way of the police.

The bulk of the work devolved on two men: Cass Edmunds, the nightclub man, and Felix Victor, an old Paris hand.

With all the contempt of familiarity, Cass went behind the scenes at the mudst cabarets where the pitiful "models" huddled backstage, for the early spring was raw and cold, waiting to go on to parade.

He turned up a Hungarian costume designer and a Hungarian gypsy violinist. He talked with a Hungarian circus riding-master, and a clown. But all these people had been in France longer than five years.

Nick, hovering between the press-association newsprint machines, which would be the first to carry any news that Jimmy's trial had been scheduled in Budapest, and the editorial room, was on the job eighteen hours a day and drove himself more relentlessly than he did the others, leaving the editorial side of the job to Suzy, who took it over in her quiet, effortless, efficient way.

He gave Janet her wish—put her on the staff to join in the search—and made Nan Millet take over the library. He dug up shady night spots and cabarets and former black-market headquarters that no one had heard of before, and set the staff out to look into them.

He set Dad and Mitchell Connel to examining and breaking down the major industries and shops in the city and classifying those where a stateless person wanted by the police might reasonably work at some kind of job without too much risk of detection.

He sent Mosher to the American Embassy to get a check on every foreign national or refugee who had applied for an American visa in the

past year; and through Suzy's wartime connections he was able to contact at least one expert supplier of false papers and passports to victims of either Nazism or Communism.

But the tragic and disappointing conclusion emerging from the mass of material being telephoned or brought in was that none of it was yielding the slightest clue to what they were after.

Time was running out. New York was on the telephone every other day, fretting and wanting to know what Nick was doing at his end to procure Jimmy's release, reporting their own lack of success with Washington, making suggestions that could not possibly be carried out, nagging and wasting Nick's time and energy.

Nick's nerves and temper were growing more strained, and the tension at the office was mounting to boiling point as he drove them ever harder.

In his elegant prewar practice in Budapest, it was Dr. Istvan Soldessy's custom to give an hour a day to each patient as he or she reclined on a couch in his office and rattled off the stream of consciousness for his comment and analysis.

Now he was devoting five hours—two in the morning and three in the afternoon—to the task of breaking down the mental resistance of the American spy, James Race, at the behest of his new masters, the Cominform, via the AHV—the Hungarian Secret Political Police—for whom he now worked.

He was not concerned with the actual guilt or innocence of his "patient"; indeed he preferred not to look too closely into the matter. Doctor Soldessy knew very well why the American had been turned over to him. Psychiatry had long been used to cure men who suffered from guilt feelings when there was no real reason for a sense of guilt.

It had taken the Communists to set one of them to the task of instilling a genuine guilt feeling in a victim where there was no basis for the emotion. They had worked out a technique whereby the subject was "prepared" before he was turned over to the doctor charged with destroying him. It varied with the strength, the intelligence, the I.Q., and the tested ego of the individual, and was never quite the same in two instances.

Dr. Soldessy examined the card that accompanied the big, unshaven, glassy-eyed man in soiled prison pyjamas who stood before him now: Eight days' "hard" interrogation; brightly lighted cell, which meant that he would be suffering from extreme fatigue and lack of sleep; a half-hour's visit in Room 27.

He turned over the card and noted the report of the physician-in-chief of two injections of scopolamine after an attempt by the prisoner to do himself injury. He had administered the scopolamine as a sedative, because of its befuddling effect upon the mind, as well as to prepare the patient for Dr. Soldessy.

Please turn to page 45

*It was not only prayers that Suzy and her friend whispered as they knelt there quite alone.*







JENNY 12"  
Sleeping Doll-37/8



BOBBY 12"-28/4  
also  
BILLIE 9"-17/3



CLAUDE the  
CAT-12/2



AUBREY the  
RABBIT-12/2



SAMBO 12"-28/4



PERCY the  
PIG-12/2



BERTIE-10/4



HECTOR the  
DOG-12/2

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# The Nettie Garden

by **NORAH BURKE**

ILLUSTRATED BY  
WYNNE W. DAVIES

**J**OHAN and Rosemary Armstrong had waited ten years for a house. Then they took the most fearful risk to get one.

"It means giving up my job at the bank," said John, "and no regular money coming in, but other people manage to live off a small building, so why not us? Of course, the cottage is more or less a ruin—rain coming in, and rat holes, and that—but it's the first we've ever heard of that's cheap enough, and we can repair it ourselves once we're in."

So now there they were, jolting up in their new home in the removal van, with the children riding inside in the furniture.

All by itself at the end of the lane drenched the cottage in its few tumbled acres. It looked like a house that no one has lived in for years. Boys had stoned the windows. You couldn't see the shape of anything but nettles and weeds of all kinds.

It looked worse even than last time Rosemary had seen it, and her heart dropped. Suppose it was too much for them—a failure? Suppose even John's broad shoulders and brown muscles couldn't pull it into order and make it pay?

Suppose their money didn't last till the first money began to come in—till there were vegetables to sell and eggs and chickens?

But now they were at the door, and there wasn't time to be frightened any more.

The van rattled to a stop. John jumped out proudly to unlock the door that a push would have opened, and the family rushed in all over the house. In spite of broken windows, the house smelled empty, but from outside the hot sun sent in a whiff of tired weeds.

"I think we'll stack everything in this biggest downstairs room," Rosemary planned, "don't you? Then we can get at things as we need them."

The men took a long time carrying the furniture in, because the children kindly helped them. Precious things got bumped, but anyway the walls didn't matter, and at last the van was lumbering away.

Suddenly there were about one million things to be done all at once.

"Lou, you and I'll get the sheets and blankets out," Rosemary organised her small daughter, "and the boys can run and find sticks to start the kitchen fire."

"I'll put the beds together soon," said John, "but first I must look at the garden."

He always did everything at the very last minute, and wouldn't have minded living in a permanent mudhole; but he was kind and good, and never spared himself.

He marched off outside now, the two boys with him. Rosemary and Lou raced about the echoing rooms, carrying things from the mountain of furniture to the places where they'd be needed.

"Everybody come and see the first fire lit," called Rosemary. "Michael! Pat! Lou! Come and see."

She crumpled newspaper into the awful old-fashioned range that they'd have to make do with till they could afford something better.

Resisting the temptation to read last week's newspaper, she laid on top of it the shavings that her elder son Michael had found in the ruined shed, and the three tiny sticks out of five-year-old Pat's fist, and the two boys stood importantly and

watched her use what they had found.

When it was ready, she looked round them from her tall husband to small, gold Pat, and she said, "A fire turns a house into a home, and this is the first fire in our own first home, so it's going to be lit by the youngest."

"Me!" said Pat. At five years old, he was still a fat little baby. He had the sweet and gentle personality of someone who will always be imposed on. All day long he trotted to and fro on other people's errands.

"Yes, you, Pat," said everyone.

"You light it."

He went perfectly pink at this honor, and took the box of matches and dropped them all out and got them up again, struck one and held it too long, but at last the fire was lit.

Light from the first fire in the first home lit all their faces. There was heat on the cheekbones and suddenly the room was lived in—was home.

Lou said, "I'm going to cook the tea."

"Oh, darling!" said her mother. "Another day. I am so terribly rushed now."

"I know. That's why I'm going to help you. And you promised that when we got a house of our own, I could cook."

"I know," said Rosemary distractedly, feeling the devils of chaos beginning to tug her down into the mud. "Yes—I know—I know—"

She was a far from perfect mother, much too impatient, and sometimes her self-control snapped. She often saw afterwards how she ought to have managed things, and kept on resolving again and again to do better next time.

Lou now got the apron of her mother's which she admired most. It had poppies on it, and she had a passion for finery and dressing up.

She was a far from perfect mother, much too impatient, and sometimes her self-control snapped. She often saw afterwards how she ought to have managed things, and kept on resolving again and again to do better next time.

Lou was brown and light and bright as a little bird. The brown hair was tipped with gold, plaited tight into stick-out pigtails.

"I'm ready, Mummy. Just tell me how to cook, and I can begin."

Rosemary told her. The smell of burning fat filled the kitchen.

Chaos reigned.

But at last they did all really sit down for a meal at the scrubbed deal table, the cloth not unpacked yet. There were burnt chops to eat, new bread, and cheese. The kettle sang sweetly behind them, and gave masses of hot sweet tea for everybody.

John wasn't smoking—there wouldn't be money for that—but he was looking pleased and contented. I hope he's right about this experiment. If only we knew it was going to succeed.

How soon could she send the children to bed? When no one was looking, she turned her watch on ten minutes.

"Bedtime, pups!"

"Daddy, what does your watch say?" nine-year-old Michael demanded. "There, Mum! Yours is wrong. No luck, Mum, just when you were hoping to be rid of us!"

He triumphed. He was obstinate and an arguer, the eldest, the difficult one of the family, but boiling over with ideas, and dying to help.

She said: "I want you in bed in

good time, Michael, so you can be up early. There are thousands of things to be done, and we'll need your help, please—digging weeds, painting rooms—"

He gave her a hug and dashed off, bursting with happiness and plans. The feel of his thin, strong arms remained round her shoulders ages after he'd gone.

When she went to kiss them good-night, little Pat reassured her: "I didn't overeat at supper, Mum. I thought I had at the time, but I haven't."

"That's good, darling. Michael, your face is a bit sneaky, isn't it?"

"I know, Mum, but you can't get it off with the sort of washing that I do."

At last even Rosemary could go to bed.

By candlelight she counted five spiders on the walls, and after John had blown the candle out, she could see another one in the middle of his web over the window, and beyond him the rising moon. He spanned the whole full moon, holding it by the edges in his claws.

Filaments of candle-smell were floating about and evaporating, and then there was a smell of honey-suckle. It hadn't been necessary to open the window; through the broken glass, a strong breeze played in the room.

Rosemary slept all right to begin with, but she was a two-o'clock waker, and by two she was well awake and on the job.

It's much worse than I thought it would be. It won't ever pay. How can it? It'll take every penny we've got. The children? I wish we'd never heard of the place. And this is summer. This is the easy time.

She listened to the night sounds—the creak of hinges. There was no sound of mice, thank goodness—but they'd come later, wouldn't they? When they found there were people in the house again.

Now the breeze was stronger, and the horizon muttering thunder.

Lightning did a magnesium flash into the room, photographing every detail on her blinded brain.

She heard drops on broad leaves. Then the downpour. Then the tuck-tack of leaks.

Presently she had to get up and see if the children were all right. They slept like angels in their innocence, and in their utter dependence on her and John.

She came back and spread a raincoat over the end of the double bed, and got back in again. The wind blew damp air over her face, and that heavenly smell released from the earth by rain.

Absolutely the first job of all is to mend the roof and windows.

Presently she slept again, a short but deeply refreshing sleep, and then there were twittering birds and the pure first light of morning.

She couldn't wait a moment. She got up at once to begin.

From the window she could look out over their bit of land, as clean a crop of weeds as ever you saw, and sticking up out of it two apple trees and a plum tree.

Underneath the nettles and weeds, sure as sure, would be old tins and bicycle wheels and things. Work. Work. Her clever gardener's fingers ached to begin on it. Her housewife eyes saw the cobwebs

and dust. There was so much she didn't know where to start.

But everything is always better when morning comes and you can get up and begin, Rosemary thought.

She hurried to get breakfast, so they could all start on their jobs. John was dying to begin on the land, not the house. The sheds must be put in order, too, for the pig and the cow which he would buy. The animals must be made comfortable. Probably there'd be a raincoat on the bed for weeks yet.

He left everything just where he last used it—not even the top on the shaving cream—and he went out to work. Rosemary began to clear up.

There were still storms about. When she came out of the back door she could see a rainbow.

It was a completely perfect rainbow—double, with the fainter green entire above the inner brilliant one. And she could see where the end was, too—the colors of the spectrum laid clearly into the middle of some green wheat, and ripening it.

Somewhere there, lay the fabulous Pot of Gold.



*The inside of the house looked even worse than Rosemary remembered, but John and Louise were eager to hurry in.*

If only she could go now and find it and be sure of the future. Oh for security. To know that this was going to be a success. Why isn't the end of the rainbow—the Pot of Gold—here, instead of always out of reach?

At that moment she saw a woman approaching, a round, friendly woman, not terrifyingly smart, but in her apron, just sort of everyday, and she was coming along up what used to be the path to the back door.

"Good morning, Mrs. Armstrong," she called, and as she came nearer, "I'm your neighbor, Mrs. Talbot, from over there. Is there anything I can lend you?"

"Oh, how kind. Fact is, I'm in such a muddle, I don't think I'll ever get out!"

"You've certainly taken on a big job here, dear, and no mistake. It's brave of you to risk it," beamed Mrs. Talbot, "but you'll succeed, I know you will. Because d'you know what? As I came across the field just now, the end of the rainbow was right on your house."

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# BEEES and HONEY

By DOROTHY BLACK

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS



PETER was sated with beauty. His mother ran beauty parlors, and he had grown up in an atmosphere of clarified lard, potpourri, orris root, lavender, and patchouli. The fact that he was slightly addicted to hay fever made this doubly difficult for him.

When his mother was inventing a new variation of face powder, which she did several times a year, he suffered tortures. She always said he would grow out of it.

He longed for the day he could take her out of it and keep her in luxury in the country. It still seemed a long way off, since he was only a captain in the Army, but he often dreamed of her, in a smock, leading a gentle life away from it all.

Mrs. Morton did not seem to long for that day. She liked her work and she was a very inventive woman. She would willingly have tried wandering about the herbaceous garden snipping at things to please Peter, but tried to tell her wasn't much of a gardener. A flower bed to her represented so much potpourri, so many lavender bags.

She adored Peter and it worried her that he worried so much about her. Men seldom realize their mothers are mostly tougher than eagles. From time to time he suggested that she should slacken off a little, begin to take things more easily.

She usually retaliated by opening another branch. Truth to tell, her one hope was that he would marry and have his mind taken off her.

To that end she was always giving little parties when he had leave, and week-end house parties at the cottage in which Peter did so long to pen her, but from which she always escaped on Monday morning. She always had on hand a bevy of lovely girls. Peter had grown up among them, golden curls, ink-black tresses, sweep-eyelashes, and apple-blossom complexions.

That was why he was sated with beauty. He met rose fondant young ladies, cream meringue young ladies, turkish delight young ladies. A man can have too much of a good thing, and in any case he did not care for sweets.

And he knew too much about them from listening as he waited to take his mother home, in his school holidays, to conversations going on in cosy cubicles.

Men, he had gathered, were driven mad because of them. Every parapet was solid with heartbroken males they had just refused, or left, or swapped for bigger and better males, waiting for the tide to come up, so that they could drown themselves.

Very early on Peter decided there was going to be nothing of that sort in his life. When he married it would be a plain, quiet girl, with hair coiled about her head.

So he steered clear of all his mother's young ladies, with the exception of Chiquita (they called her Cheeky), of whom he saw quite a bit, in the nature of things, because she often came back at week-ends to the cottage to lend his mother a hand with her accounts, which were not one of Mrs. Morton's strong points.

Sometimes Peter felt he was growing quite fond of Cheeky.

She was a brisk, amusing girl who often said the thing you never expected. But just as he was beginning to wonder if perhaps after all she was worthy of his consideration, he would take her out to lunch. Then every head in the restaurant would turn to gaze at her, for Cheeky in a Paris hat was quite something. Or he would take her dancing, and great bull-like men would come charging over, or chaps he hardly knew would suddenly appear to have become his warm friends all in a twinkling—to get introduced to Cheeky.

Peter had sense. He saw what being married to Cheeky would be. Like rushing through a swarm of bees with an eclair. It would simply end in more of

those cosy cubicle confidences, with himself taking a chief part, probably lined-up on a parapet. No thank you!

He applied for, and got, a transfer to Gibraltar. "Darling," his mother wrote, "I do hope you are happy and having fun in your new life. I must say I was very sad that nothing happened between you and Cheeky, a girl in a million, and you know, darling, how much I would like you to get nicely married. I could even help you quite a bit nowadays. I am opening a little branch in Lyons Square, you know. I am sure she is fond of you, too, but there it is. Of course I must not interfere."

Peter's reply bemused her a little. There were times when she wondered whether she really understood him very well. "A man," he wrote, "wants peace at home. And he went on privately looking for a plain girl with sleek coiled hair, whose complexion was her own."

What he wanted was the sort of girl a man could take into a restaurant without causing a riot, the sort of girl a man could take home, with some feeling of hope that he would be able to keep her there.

He tried a Bishop's sister. Exteriously she was fine, and no head would have turned to look at her at any time. Unfortunately she was extraordinarily dull. Her stock of platitudes was practically unique, so he abandoned that line of thought.

Later he became slightly enmeshed with a Miss LeFevre, but she held such strong political views that, although Peter never could be quite certain which side she was on, he felt it was a bit of a risk, and that lapsed, too.

The rest of that year he spent with his men in the desert where there did not seem to be any women, or if there were, they looked so like the men that he never discovered which were which, so his love life lapsed again. He was too busy to think about it until he got sandfly fever quite badly and was sent to hospital, where he met a charming nurse called Dotie.

Something might have come of that, because for a while he was really serious. Unfortunately, she told him the most revolting details about a carbuncle, which gave him a horrid foretaste of what he might have to stand at breakfast.

"Darling," wrote his mother, "I am quite shattered to hear about the sandfly fever; what bad luck, I never knew they did that. I do hope you will get some sick-leave and come home. The herbaceous border is looking quite lovely."

Not that she really knew what it looked like, for she left such matters to Tullett, the gardener, a very competent man. She just put it in hoping it might lure him.

"Cheeky is as sweet as ever. I do wish you and she . . . however it is not for me to say. I can only tell you a Colonel Trent is forever in the shop these days and has bought jars and jars of that expensive skin food I make. He says they are for his mother, but I happen to know his mother, so beg to differ; the real reason is so that he can talk to Cheeky. That girl is like a honey pot to bees."

This only made Peter harden his heart anew. He came home, looking peaked and yellowish. Cheeky met him at the station as his mother was busy with a crucible. There was a positive clash of porters' barrows as they rushed to do battle for his luggage, and a smile from Cheeky.

His mother stayed at home for three days and did a bit of snipping in the garden for his sake, just to please him. She also invented a new flower scent for face powder, and made him smell it to see what he thought, which gave him hay fever all over again.

She then went back to town, coming home at week-ends, always with beautiful girls smelling of lavender, violet, patchouli, and rose leaves, to cheer him. The rest of the week he was looked after by Mrs. Parsnip, the daily woman—a good soul, but gloomy. She had known him since he was six. It was depressing.

"I never thought we'd raise you, Mr. Peter. You were that frail."

"Well, I am still here," he said, trying to cheer her.

"All the same, when I saw you this time looking so poorly I said to myself he's failed dreadfully. You



Surrounded by beautiful women, he longed only to meet a nice sensible girl who would fit into his dreams.

ought to marry, Mr. Peter, and leave a son behind, for they do say as how going is not so bad when there's little ones!"

In her emotion she dried a cup so passionately she broke it in half. "There now, Fanny, I wonder who cracked that and never said nothing," said Mrs. Parsnip.

"Darling," wrote his mother, "thank goodness Cheeky has refused the Colonel, who was becoming quite a menace, eternally under foot. I am bringing her down for the week-end, so do be nice to her. There is a dance at the country club—but, of course, it's not for me to make suggestions."

Peter wished his mother would stop recommending Cheeky to him like a vacant flat or desirable residence with every mod. con., for he had been put off beauty still farther after the episode of the new face powder. But he never argued with his mother—it did not pay.

He had long since discovered that when Mrs. Morton got an idea she pursued it as a starving cat pursues a milk-fed mouse. That was why she had made such a success of her beauty business. She had started with one, ostensibly to get him through boarding-school and Sandhurst. Now they were peppered all over the place. She was spreading like virginia creeper.

Peter was quite co-operative that week-end. He always enjoyed being with Cheeky, though he had more sense than to marry her. He took her to the country club dance.

It was one of those beautiful summer evenings when the pimpernel dozed on the lea, and the lily whispered "I wait," as Tennyson has it. Walking with Cheeky in the starlit garden, Peter felt a new strange warmth flooding his whole being, a sudden wild longing to hold Cheeky's hand, and bend and passionately kiss her white shoulder.

If only she had not been so lovely he would have done it, but he knew too well what happened to men who succumbed to beauty's allure. There were examples in every Mess. So all he did was pat her hand in a manner he meant to be fatherly, or anyway avuncular.

"Shall we go in and dance?" he said hoarsely, for he felt they had better.

He sought in vain among the dancers for the woman of his dreams. He could not find her. Just for a moment his hopes soared, as he caught sight of a neat dark head, a sober black frock. However, it was only the woman who looked after the cloakroom and gave back the hats, and she wasn't any good from the front, anyway.

His regiment then went to Cairo.

"Darling," wrote his mother. "You really are a bit of an old Benedict, you know, or do I mean Romeo? I did so hope—however; there it is. I am having the cottage flues done and shall repaint when I come to the spring cleaning. We have done very well this year, and I am opening a small branch in Wimblefield in the summer. Maud and Lillias have married, but I have managed to replace them. The wastage

through matrimony in this business is terrible, though thank goodness there are always more where those came from.

"I fear the worst about Cheeky. A Vice-Admiral is never out of the Mayfair branch where Cheeky works. He has bought box upon box of that new face powder. Financially quite a good match, no doubt. But a widower and old enough to be her father. Still, modern girls seem to like them older these days."

It did bring things back to Peter rather poignantly, and he remembered that summer night, and the lilies, and Cheeky's hand on his arm, but he put it all staunchly out of his mind as soon as he could.

He met several nice girls in Cairo, but they all seemed to lack something. He could not say what. Still, he had almost keyed himself up to having a shot at kissing a Miss Plumpton, when he caught an overpowering whiff of her perfume—unfortunately it was lilies-of-the-valley—and the whole thing collapsed as far as he was concerned.

It was after that that he wrote home. "I am beginning to think, Mother, you will have to face the fact that I am by nature a bachelor."

Please turn to page 44

The girl and the man with her were both strangers to Peter.





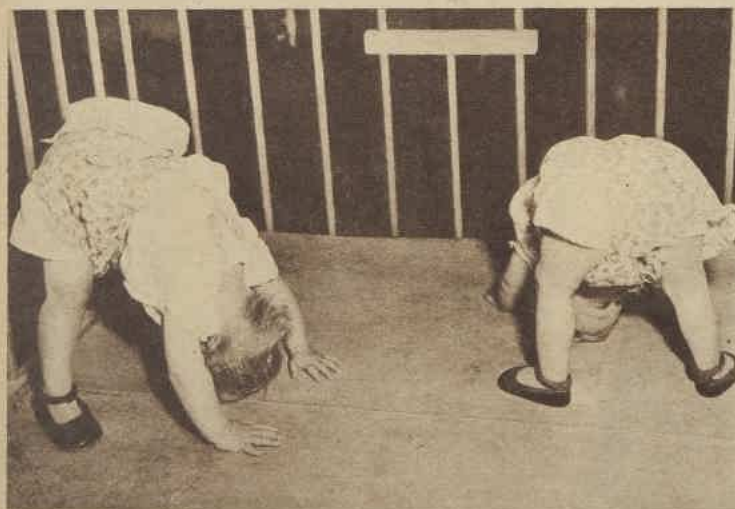
# The Sara Quads are now on their feet



**PRETTIEST** Sara Quad is Judith, who never cavals at having her golden hair brushed. Because she cries more easily than the others, brother Mark gives her an occasional push and then stands back to watch her tears.



**JUDITH** figures that the new trick Alison learned while Judith was having her hair brushed looks easy enough. Lively Alison always learns things first, but Judith is generally on her sister's heels.



**ALISON'S** new trick is quickly copied by Judith, and the two girls stage their acrobatic turn for the camera. The Quads' parents are sure that when the babies get to the tree-climbing stage, Alison will be the first up the tree. She is undisputed leader of the four.



**A SEAT IN THE PARK.** Mrs. Betty Sara and the Quads' nurse, Rita Connell, with Judith, Alison, Mark, and Phillip during their afternoon outing.

• The Sara Quads are growing fast. Placid Phillip sits most of the time, but Alison, Judith, and Mark are trotting round on unsteady legs. The once quiet little Mark is now the most aggressive of the four. Judith is still affectionate and temperamental, and nothing holds Alison back - she is interested in everything.



**PHILLIP** prefers comfortable transport to standing or walking. Since Alison does not mind pushing her heavyweight brother's stroller along, they are both happy. Phillip seldom cries and is very amiable.



**MARK** has a debonair laugh with himself in the corner while big brother Geoffrey gets a good grip on Judith and Alison. Phillip is settled comfortably on the floor of the playpen, given to the children by the London Baby Carriage Co., Melbourne.



QUADS romp with their father, Percy Sara, during an off-duty hour from his ambulance work. Phillip watches while Mark, Alison, and Judith perch on Dad's chest. The girls' blue frocks and the boys' lemon smocks were given to them by the Myer Emporium, Melbourne.



## Always on the move

● **Photographer Ron Berg** was a tired man when he had finished taking the photographs of the Sara Quads on these two pages. He would see the Quads all gathered in a captivating pose, but before he could get the camera sight to his eye one or two of the babies would bolt off in opposite directions—on their newly discovered legs.



**COMMUNITY TUB.** Alison, Judith, Phillip, and Mark are tubbed in the bathroom now because they made too much of a mess in the nursery. Mrs. Sara and their nurse, Rita Connell, each bath two of the babies.

**HAIRCUTS.** Mrs. Sara gives Mark a haircut, while the already trimmed Phillip (on floor), Alison, and Judith surround her. This is the third time their hair has been cut. Photo on table is of elder brother Geoffrey.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 21, 1951

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# Gracie Lindsay

Romantic new serial by  
the author of  
"The Spanish Gardener"

A. J. CRONIN

IT was on the fifth day of May in the year 1911 that Daniel Nimmo got the news of Gracie Lindsay's return. All that afternoon, which was warm and full of the promise of a fine summer, he had been pottering in and out of the dark room of his little photographic studio preparing for an appointment with Mrs. Waldie and her daughter Isabel.

At three o'clock they had not arrived. He sheathed his silver watch with the yellow horn guard, and gazed mildly through the flaking whitewash in his window into the empty street. Dressed in an old cut-away coat too tight and short for him, shiny black trousers, a celluloid collar and a stringy black tie, Daniel was a shabby, an insignificant figure.

His cuffs were of celluloid, also, to save the washing, and his boots might have done with mending. His expression was thoughtful, absent, timid, and his lips, surprisingly rosy, were pursed as if he were about to whistle.

Not that Daniel would have whistled—he was too scared of drawing notice to himself. He was, indeed, a quiet, humble little man who had lived fifty-four years without once creating the impression of importance.

The rat-a-tap of hammers from the nearby shipyard made the air drowsy. They were building a new steamer for the big steamship line, a fine order brought by the new agent, Mr. Harmon, that would set trade buzzing in the little borough of Levenford. By turning his head Daniel could see the big yard gates opposite to apothecary Hay's premises on the corner.

Even as he looked, a four-wheeler swung around Hay's corner and came rolling and bouncing over the cobblestones towards him. A moment's pause, and two women, edging their wide hats and leg-of-mutton sleeves furtively from the recesses of the cab, advanced across the pavement.

The bell rang, and Daniel, clearing his throat, hoping that the stammer which was his habitual affliction would not trouble him, turned to receive them.

Mrs. Waldie, the contractor's wife, entered first, her stout, comfortable form inclined a little forward, a long, rolled umbrella cradled in her arm, and whalebone supports in her high net collar. Behind came Isabel.

Daniel, never quite at ease, had hurried forward with an offer of chairs and an observation about the weather, and now he took refuge in manoeuvring the camera, while Mrs. Waldie, glad to sit down in her tight button boots, watched him amiably, her red face shining with maternal fondness.

"We want a good likeness, Mr. Nimmo," she said indulgently, with a glance towards the faded curtains screening the alcove where Isabel had gone to remove her hat. "You understand the circumstances?"

"Indeed I do," Daniel answered. "And very happy ones, too."

Elizabeth Waldie smiled. She was a good-natured woman, despite her overdressing and the pretence of style that her husband's position demanded of her.

"We are pleased about the engagement," she went on. "Mr. Murray is such a promising young man."

"Yes," Daniel agreed. "I've known Dave since he was a boy. A fine, steady fellow. And a good lawyer, too."

Here Isabel came from behind the screen, a faint, conscious flush on her cheeks. She was a fresh-complexioned girl, brown-haired and blue-eyed, and of a plump, somewhat heavy figure. Although pretty enough in her way, her general expression was dull and rather spoiled—her lips, in particular, had a petulant droop.

However, she looked pleasant enough just now, as though gratified with the thought that her photograph would soon be in a silver frame among the law papers on the desk of David Murray's High Street office.

"Mother thought that I should have a background of a balcony."

"It's very fashionable," Daniel nodded. "And perhaps with a book."

"Yes," said Mrs. Waldie. "As though reading."

Again Daniel inclined his head and, lowering the dusty roller balastrade, he posed his subject with an open volume beside a shabby bamboo plant-stand. His grey eyes were earnest behind his steel-rimmed spectacles, his little brown beard cocked at an angle both ludicrous and touching, as he strove for artistic satisfaction.

"You might droop the left wrist a trifle more, Miss Isabel," he suggested finally, contemplating the effect with his head tilted to one side. Then, while Mrs. Waldie watched indulgently, he disappeared beneath the black cloth of the camera and exposed a series of mahogany-bound plates.

The operation over, Isabel resumed her hat and Daniel escorted the ladies to the waiting cab, where in parting Mrs. Waldie genially remarked: "We'll expect you at the wedding next year. I'll see you have an invitation."

As he turned back into the studio, Daniel was grateful for that show of kindness, for he well knew that, measured by the yardstick of Levenford opinion, he was regarded as a failure—a ridiculous, incompetent failure.

The truth was that nearly thirty years before Daniel had been ordained a minister of God, duly licensed in the cure of souls according to the Church of Scotland. Yet, despite the ordination and the licence, Daniel had never found a pupil.

At the outset his prospects had been good—there was interest in the young man who had taken numerous prizes at college. With true native reverence for "the book-learning," Levenford proposed him for the parish church assistantship, and named him to preach a trial sermon.

Daniel had such a sermon in his head—a fervent and well-reasoned sermon. For weeks past he had rehearsed it, walking the countryside around Levenford with rapt eyes and moving lips. As he ascended the pulpit he felt himself word perfect. He announced his text and began to speak.

For a few moments he went well enough, then all at once he became conscious of his congregation, of those rows of upturned faces, those eyes directed towards him. A shiver of self-distrust swept over him. He hesitated, then halted, lost the thread of his ideas, and began to stammer.

Once that frightful impotence of speech had gripped him he was lost. He labored on, of course, pale now and trembling; and while he toiled he saw the restlessness, the side glances, the half-hidden smiles. He saw the children nudge each other, and at length he broke down completely.

Never did Daniel live down that first debacle. He tried and tried again, yet always without success.

Gradually he came to accept the mantle of the "stickit minister," and, obliged to find some means of livelihood—in the early upsurge of his hopes he had married—he fell back upon the skill which he possessed with the camera, became accepted in time as the town's official photographer.

THE steeple clock struck five, and Daniel locked up the studio for the day. Then, according to his custom, before setting out for his home on the northern outskirts of the town, he crossed the street to have a word with his neighbor, apothecary Hay.

The druggist's shop was dark and narrow and musty. Shelves of dark green bottles filled one side, and behind the long counter, close to a gas jet that stuck out like a yellow tongue on a marble slab spattered with red sealing-wax, stood the druggist himself, compounding a pill with acrimonious melancholy.

Apothecary Hay was a lean, cadaverous man with a long, bald head streaked with ginger hair, and drooping whiskers of the same color. His air was sad and bilious, his attitude that of the most disillusioned man in the whole universe. Nothing surprised him. Nothing! And he believed in nothing—except strychnine and castor oil, and John Stuart Mill. He was Levenford's professed free-thinker.

He cared for no one, not even his customers—he threw his pills and potions across the counter as though they were rat poison. "Take it or

leave it," he seemed to snarl. "Ye've got to die in any case." He seemed, indeed, to take a singular delight in the shortcomings of humanity—that was his sense of humor.

Yet in some strange fashion, perhaps the attraction of opposites, he was Daniel Nimmo's closest friend.

Two other men were in the shop, which served as the district's unofficial club—David Murray, and Frank Harmon, the steamship company agent—and it seemed to Daniel that, as he entered, a sudden silence fell.

Harmon, a newcomer to the town, was a bachelor of forty, a tall, finely set-up figure in well-cut clothes, with thick curly hair, strong white teeth, and an air of restless vitality beneath the careless expression upon his florid face. He nodded easily towards Daniel and reached for the "pick-me-up" on the counter before him.

Murray, on the other hand, was noticeably subdued, disinclined to meet Daniel's eye. A good-looking young fellow of twenty-seven, pale, dark, with cleanly chiselled features and hair which needed cutting falling untidily across his brow, he had about him a sort of strained intensity.

"Good evening, all," said Daniel pleasantly. "I hope you're well, apothecary."

Hay took no notice whatsoever, but went on grinding with his pestle. At length, without raising his head, he spoke from the corner of his mouth. "You haven't heard the news?"

"No," Daniel smiled. "Is the town on fire?"

"It may soon be!" There was a pause, then, giving the words their full emphasis, Hay declared: "Your niece . . . Gracie Lindsay . . . is coming back to Levenford."

Daniel remained perfectly still. At first he did not seem to understand

the other's meaning, but gradually his face changed. Reading his emotion, Hay went on, with a dry constriction of his lips: "It would appear her husband died—up country in Mysore. Gracie sailed last week."

Still Daniel said nothing; he could not speak, all sorts of instincts were rushing inside him. He turned mutely to Harmon, from whom he knew the information must have come.

"Yes," the agent explained with good-natured condescension. "We had word from our Calcutta office this noon. Nisbet Vallance contracted blackwater fever while supervising a new railroad for the company. His wife was with him. He behaved very pluckily, I believe, getting him out of the hills by stretcher. A charming woman. I met her last time I was in the East."

Daniel swallowed the lump in his throat.

"Forgive me, gentlemen." He blinked apologetically from one to the other. "This is a great surprise . . . after seven years . . . so unexpected . . ."

"Quite a shock for you."

"Yes," said Daniel simply. "Poor Nisbet . . . but it is a joy to think of having Gracie with us again." He turned warmly, almost appealingly, to Murray. "She was a sweet lass, was she not, Davie?"

"Yes," Murray muttered without looking up.

There was a longer silence. Daniel unfolded his handkerchief, wiped his brow and neck.

"It's been close to-day. Very reasonable weather. Now if you'll excuse me, I'll go home. I must see my wife. I daresay she's had word. Good-night, gentlemen."







*Gracie clung a moment to her uncle, both torn between tears and smiles.*

ILLUSTRATED BY  
JOHN MILLS

He went to the door, opened it, and closed it quietly behind him. So it was true then, at last, what he had not dared to hope for all these years.

As he started on his walk home, a wave of sweetness swept over him and his mind was filled by the tender vision of Gracie, his dear niece, in her white dress—she had always loved white, and looked so beautiful in it—as he had last met her, one evening just before the tragedy, walking along Levenside with a bunch of meadowsweet in her hand. She had picked the flowers from the green riverbank.

What a picture she made! The sun striking low upon the water set a radiance about her—"As a young roe come unto the river to drink"—instinctively the words had risen to his mind. Her face, vivid and small, was alive with animation, her warm brown eyes sparkling with the promise of life.

But what had she known of life at eighteen years, poor child?

Daniel sighed and his expression turned sad. But it brightened again as his thoughts travelled further back and other, happier images crowded in upon him. Among these he saw her at the Children's Cantata given under his direction in the old Borough Hall.

What a wonder she had been—what a little wonder—only ten years old with a voice like a flute, such liveliness and grace, and talent—

well, never, never had he met talent like it since. He smiled—for now he watched her at the Academy prize-giving, coming up for the call-bound "Pilgrim's Progress" she had won for Scripture knowledge; yes, he had coached her to win that, the best pupil he had ever had in his Bible class!

And again he saw her at the school picnic, a little thing of twelve, a nice new ribbon in her hair, running in the small girls' race, her thin legs twinkling, her pointed chin set forward, in a passion of endeavor, and winning as he held the tape—yes, winning to his great delight.

Daniel's eyes were misty now—he had cared so much for Gracie, with all the affection of a childless man. Somehow she was different from the common clay—finer, more precious in body and soul. And somehow it had always seemed as though her father, Tom Lennox, widowed when his only daughter was born, had never understood or appreciated her.

Tom, at one time a thriving merchant in Levenford dealing in grain, fruits, and provisions, and in his heyday Provost of the borough, had a harsh and irascible temper, and towards the end the business worries, which culminated in his bankruptcy, had hardened and embittered him.

Of course, there were those who whispered that his actions towards Gracie were justified, but this Daniel never would concede, and with a

sharp, indrawn breath he once again reviewed the calamity which had so broken up her life.

It was the winter of 1903, and Gracie, at eighteen, with her hair up and skirts down to her ankles, was like a rose just coming into flower, the belle of all the dances, waltzing her way into every heart.

Slim and sweet and gay, with some secret sparkling quality, she had no lack of beaux. What a Christmas that had been! When the hard frost came she skated on the pond, hands in her tiny squirrel muff, her cheeks whipped by the wind, while the young men of Levenford flashed around her showing off, trying to attract her notice.

"Gracie's a great one for the boys!" people had smilingly remarked. "They buzz about her like bees round a honey jar."

Well, that was true enough. There was young Simpson, the doctor's son, Jack Hargreaves, and a score of others, yet most favored of all was David Murray, then studying law at the University of Winton.

Everybody thought David would be Gracie's choice when Henry Woodburn came upon the scene visiting his cousins, the Ralstons, who owned the shipyard in the town.

He was a stranger to the district, this Woodburn, a fair-haired fellow with a cough and a sad and slightly hollow, freckled face, who drove his own dog-cart, a handsome turnout, and had ample money and leisure. Gracie had gone driving with him, often in the evening.

There was some talk, of course, rumors that Woodburn was a wild young man who drank more than he should, that his lungs were affected, and that he had really been sent to this northern climate to recover

his health. But when reasoned with, mildly, Gracie merely laughed in her droll and captivating way.

She had always mocked the proprieties, and never had her mood been gayer, more teasing, or more utterly bewitching as on that evening by the river when kissing Daniel lightly on the forehead, she had darted off to keep an appointment with Henry.

That same night, spanking home late, the horse shied at a shadow, Woodburn lost control of the animal, the dogcart careened into a ditch, and smashed violently against a stone wall. By some miracle Gracie remained unhurt. Henry was killed instantly.

For some weeks Gracie remained indoors, then, with her father, she departed somewhat abruptly for Edinburgh. This seemed natural enough—she had need surely of rest and change—yet a feeling of surprise deepened in the town when several months went by and still Gracie did not return.

Then events took an even stranger turn as news came back that Gracie had married Nisbet Vallance, a civil engineer of thirty-five, a steady plodding sort of man of no particular family or personal distinction, who had been on leave from his post as supervisor of the Central India Railroad to take a technical course at the Levenford Shipyard.

No one had even suspected that Nisbet, while worthy enough, would ever aspire to Gracie. Yet married they were, in London, and left immediately from Tilbury for far-off India.

Please turn to page 40



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# Famous actress is also a professor

Gertrude Lawrence, now Professor of Drama at Columbia University, New York, holds her classes each Thursday, then goes to the theatre for her nightly performance as the gorgeously gowned schoolmarm in the Broadway musical hit, "The King and I."

WHEN her appointment to Columbia was announced, New York columnists were indulgent, but sceptical. They plainly thought it just another of those "things" famous actresses do.

But both Columbia University and Gertrude Lawrence are most serious about the study of drama.

The University's drama department is a distinguished one, both in the theory and acting of drama.

"It is important work, and I take it seriously," Gertie told me in her large dressing-room, after a matinee performance of "The King and I."

"My particular part of the course is in practical dramatic work. The course is called The Study of Roles and Scenes. The 65 students study various roles, and each year they will fully produce and finance four plays."

"My principal problem at present is to try to shake the kids out of their awe of me."

"Another problem is to curb their natural tendencies to want to play leading roles in 'Oedipus Rex' or 'The Cock-nail Party'."

"So that they will get an idea of their capacities I have started them on James Montgomery's 35-year-old hit, 'Nothing But The Truth.'"

"Later on, when they know what they can do, and we all know one another better, we will have a crack at some classical drama."

"We all want to start on something difficult. I did when I was a star-struck girl on the London stage."

"I soon found my place in the second row of the chorus. It was years before I started getting starring roles."

The most impressive thing about Gertrude Lawrence is her warm, strong personality, her kindness and her hungry nostalgia for the London of

her great successes with Noel Coward.

She lives in America more or less permanently, and is married to Massachusetts summer stock theatre owner Richard Aldrich, a former U.S. Navy commander.

But her dressing-room is cluttered with London mementoes—signed photographs of the late King George and the Queen Mother, of a youthful Duke of Windsor, the Oliviers, Leslie Howard, Noel Coward, and others.

A prized possession is a photograph of the late Queen Alexandra, King Edward VII's consort, and a Danish princess before her marriage.

"My father was Danish," Gertrude explained, "and my second name is Alexandra after the Queen."

Miss Lawrence shows her earnestness in her new academic interests by devoting her University salary to maintaining a dramatic scholarship at Columbia.

For many years she has endowed a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London.

"I longed to go to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art when I was a chorus girl," she told me.

"I never got there because my mother couldn't afford it."

"However, I made up for my own loss by sending some boy or girl there every year. And, as much as I can, I am trying to model my Columbia course on Royal Academy lines."

Miss Lawrence thinks that "The King and I," with its tuneful hits and the rich, Oriental lushness of its scenery, backdrops, settings and clothes may run as long as "South Pacific."

"I don't want to be a Jonah, Chum," she said, "but I hope it doesn't."

"It's booked for London at the Drury Lane Theatre. I've played every theatre in London



TOP-FLIGHT singing comedienne and dramatic actress Gertrude Lawrence wears academic robes when she takes her classes at Columbia University, where she is on the staff.

but the Drury Lane, and that includes a lot of theatres.

"I want to get back to London. It's grimy, it's rather dreary now, but, like a good cup of tea, it's home for me."

And Australia, did she ever think she would go out there?

"For the past three years," she answered, "I've wanted to go out to Australia. At one stage I spent a good deal of time and thought on the possibility of taking my own company out there."

"The Oliviers fired my original intention when they stayed with me on their return."

"Vivien looked better than I've ever seen her, and talked of nothing but Australian beaches, sunshine, and food, while Larry enthused about Australian audiences."

"He kept on saying Australia has everything but the theatres and the companies."

"I thought seriously of taking Daphne du Maurier's 'September Tide' out there after I finished playing it in London two years ago, but illness and domestic problems prevented me."

"My plan now is to try to see what can be done about taking 'The King and I' to Australia. I would willingly go with it, but I understand that general production ex-

penses, which are £150,000 here in New York, might be prohibitive."

"It's a beautiful play, has lovely songs, and the story is curiously appealing to British audiences."

"I was certainly encouraged to hear that 'Annie Get Your Gun' ran for about two years there. A year's run would probably cover expenses for the 'King.'"

Although Gertrude Lawrence has never been in Australia, she has had a constant and sizeable fan mail from Australians over the past 20 years.

The letters have come mostly from people who saw her in her London productions, or from the many who collected her famed recordings of "Private Lives" and "To-night at 8.30" with Noel Coward.

"Oh those recordings!" she exclaimed. "They date me and they date Noel. But the plays were wonderful and the recordings were fun."

"It's a long time since I played Amanda in 'Private Lives.' I don't suppose Noel and I will ever play again together, although I'd like to."

"Noel got some rather silly publicity out of his trip to Australia in the early part of the war but, in actual fact, he enjoyed your country."

"He told me recently he regretted not having been back there. I wish he would write one more play for us both before we get too old!"

"I have had a long career, as you know. I sometimes find it hard to believe that I was starring in 1921 in London, and I am still starring in New York in 1951."

"It has been possible, I think, only because of the extraordinary love and kindness which theatre audiences have shown me all my life."

Gertrude Lawrence does herself an injustice in attributing her success entirely to her audiences, but it is true that audiences have an amazing love for her.

Talking to a New York producer several days later, I told him that as I left her dressing-room Gertrude Lawrence had said to me: "Don't forget—give my love to the people."

"Yes," he said, "she always says that, but the difference is that she means it."



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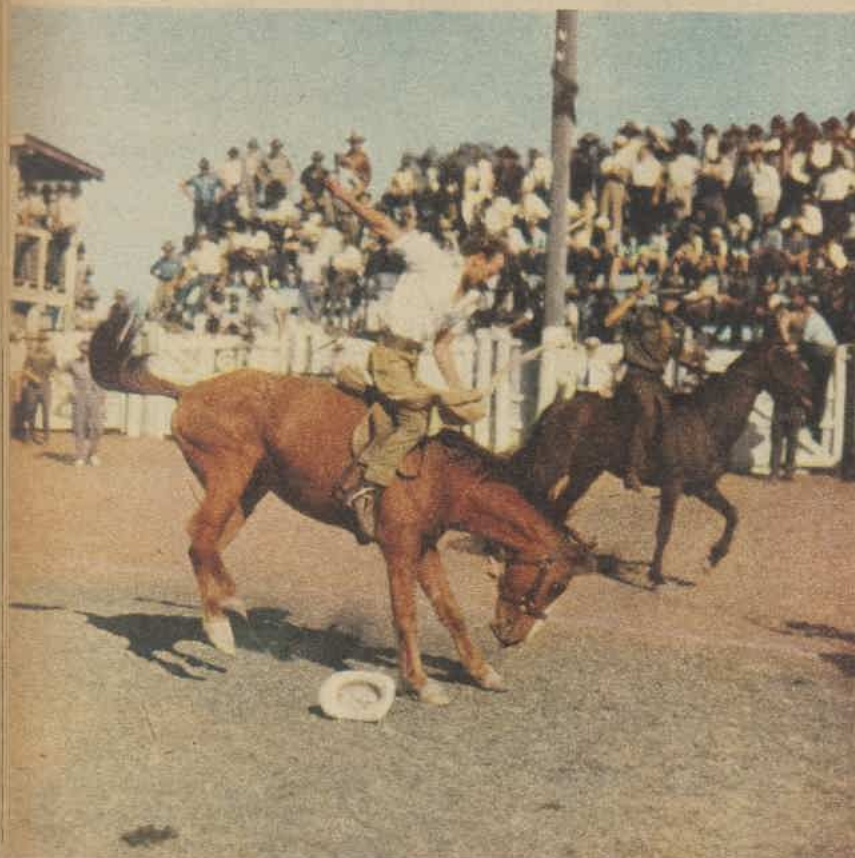
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AFTER-THEATRE SUPPER PARTY, with Gertrude Lawrence exchanging quips with Danny Kaye and Sharman Douglas. Danny was Miss Lawrence's original leading man in the Broadway production of "Lady in the Dark," one of her many successes.



# ROCKHAMPTON STAGES A £2500 RODEO



**FORMER** Australian buckjump champion Darrell Holden (above), of Townsville, Queensland, came third in the rodeo Buckjump Championship at Rockhampton.

**WINNER** (below) of £1000 Australian Buckjump Championship, Tom Willoughby, of Crookwell, N.S.W., shows an excited crowd how to stick on a lively brumby.



**PRETTY BRUNETTE** Mrs. Nora Holden, winner of the Ladies' Buckjump Championship of Australia, also won the title in 1949 when she was Miss Nora Vickers. She is married to roughrider Darrell Holden.

More than 100 of Australia's best roughriders, including four women, competed in the Rockie Rodeo and Australian Buckjump Championships at Rockhampton, Queensland, recently.

The £2500 prize-money was the biggest ever offered in Australia.

Rodeos are gaining in popularity in Australia, particularly in Queensland and on the North Coast of New South Wales, as well as forming part of the programme at most district agricultural shows.

Pictures on these pages and on page 23 were taken by staff photographer Clive Thompson.



**BILLY-GOAT DERBY** was won by Trevor Juhnke (left), who lines up for the start with other drivers Noel Vicks, Phillip Jordan, and Gordon Williams.





**WOMEN SPECTATORS** took advantage of Rockhampton's sunny rodeo weather and wore bright summer cottons. Most of them came to cheer their menfolk. Many are expert horsewomen themselves, and they are keen critics of roughriding.



**COMPETITORS** Pat Elder (left) and Enid Bennett came from Victoria to compete in the Ladies' Buckjump Championship of Australia. Pat came second. During this event it was the men's turn to cheer on the girls as they took the spills.



**DAILY DRESSED** serenading cowboy Clive Fletcher, of Rockhampton, entertained visitors at the barbecue, at which an ox was roasted. Here he talks to pretty spectator Reece Moran.

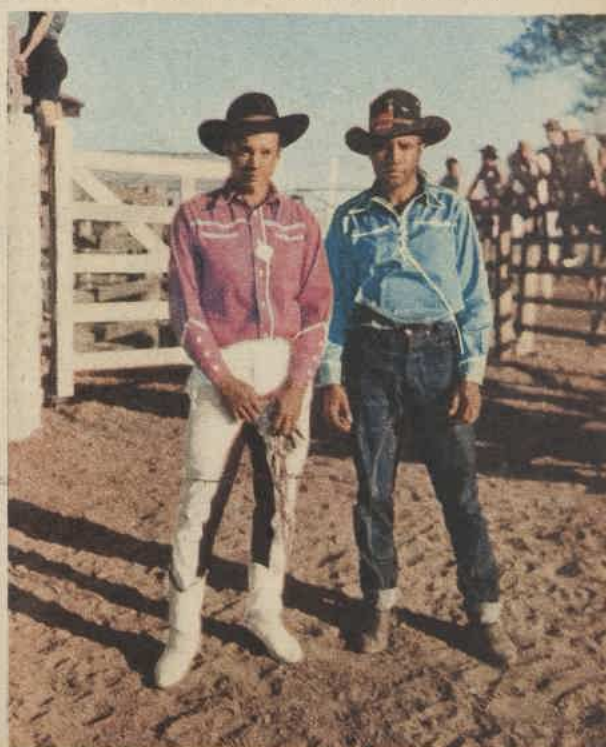


**FESTIVE-LOOKING** square dance clothes gave a rural air to the Rodeo Ball, which was held at the Rockhampton School of Arts. The hall was crowded for the ball, marking the end of the three-day rodeo and carnival which attracted hundreds of visitors to the town from other States.



**COMPETITORS** in one event had to tie ribbons on the tails of steers, some of which are seen above.

**RIDERS** in the Australian Buckjump Championship E. Brown and K. Warcon.





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See, too, the maternity dresses and sun-suits.

## Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 25.

November 21, 1951

### LEADERS TALK OF PEACE

THE past week has presented the spectacle of a world in search of peace.

In plan and counter plan, men and women of all nations have tried to find some promise for the future.

Everyone must now be aware that no plan which merely postpones war is good enough.

To be of any real value it must ensure that war is only the remotest possibility rather than an ever-present, urgent threat.

The sort of peace that exists now is no good to God or man.

It is lit by the ghastly flashes of atom bombs and haunted by fear of death in horrible forms.

It is not peace, but continuous preparation for war, straining the economy of every nation to bankruptcy point.

The enormous productive potential created by the last war, which could have provided homes and food for mankind, has been turned again to the making of bombs and guns.

People want a peace plan that will change all that, a revolution of thought which will allow women to rear sons without fearing that those sons have been born to die on battlefields.

It is natural, after so many abortive discussions, so much evidence of insincerity, that the ordinary man and woman should be a little cynical of the results of more peace talks.

But it is imperative that the attempt be made. Continuing the arms race can have but one result.

If the nations cannot find a plan the future may be written off. The world, in fact, cannot do without peace much longer.

## OUR COVER

shows a scene familiar in the dry summer months to thousands of country schoolchildren throughout Australia. It was painted by our artist Wep from sketches he made on an outback painting tour last summer.

### This week:

● Staff photographer Clive Thompson, who covered the Rockhampton rodeo (pages 20, 21, and 23), tells us that Wombi, the horse ridden by champion Tom Willoughby, was provided by George Huntley, an old identity of Central Queensland, who has bred and trained horses all his life. George says that before Tom's winning performance nobody had ever stayed on Wombi's back for more than six seconds.

● The beautiful canoe race pictures on pages 24 and 25 were taken by staff photographer Alton Frazer, who, with reporter Betty Best, spent a heatwave Saturday running round the banks of the Hawkesbury River. Naturally the heat was hard on the contestants, and caused many of them to drop out of the race. A foolish mullet, not knowing he was well off under water, jumped into the canoe skippered by Don Edean. The crew looked on the fish as a mascot, and kept him aboard until they crossed the finishing line of the 100-mile course in second place.

● More than 100,000 Australians belong to registered clubs playing competition tennis. Secretary V. J. Kelly, of the N.S.W. Lawn Tennis Association, told Sheila Patrick, when she was getting material for her Davis Cup preparations story (pages 32 and 33), that he thinks tennis is the most popular players' sport in Australia. As well as the competition players there are, of course, uncounted thousands who play tea-and-cake tennis as week-end relaxation.

### Next week:

● Our cookery expert, Charmian Maynard, gives next week a Christmas cake recipe that is specially economical in eggs, shortening, and dried fruits. Her idea is that an economically made cake of this kind can be made extra attractive by its appearance, and she gives full directions with diagrams for icing and decorating. The same ingredients, with slight variations, will make two plum puddings.

## BOOK REVIEW

By AINSLIE BAKER

THE CRUEL SEA  
by  
Nicholas Monsarrat

IT is noticeable that the best writers of the sea seem to borrow something of their subject's sweep and grandeur.

Nicholas Monsarrat in his new novel "The Cruel Sea" has written a magnificent story, mounting at times to almost unbearable intensity, at others capable of bringing tears of compassion.

This is an adult novel, and its conversation not always of the drawing-room.

It is a novel of men at war, tried beyond normal human endurance; men who have looked too often on death.

"The Cruel Sea" tells the story of Lieutenant-Commander George Ericson, R.N.R., and the men who sailed with him, first in the corvette Compass Rose and later in the frigate Saltash.

Ericson's war was fought in the Atlantic, that steep stream three thousand miles across and a thousand fathoms deep.

"What the map will not tell you," the author says in a foreword, "is the strength and fury of that ocean, its moods, its violence, its gentle balm, its treachery; what men can do

with it, and what it can do with men."

Compass Rose was a corvette—when she was commissioned in 1939 she was a new, experimental type of escort ship designed to counter the U-boats.

Saltash, given to Ericson in 1943 after the sinking of Compass Rose, was the latest type of escort. Compass Rose, in comparison, was a museum piece.

Presented as a novel, "The Cruel Sea" can in many ways be taken as the author's own story.

For like Lieutenant Lockwood, who shared the long years of Atlantic warfare with Ericson, Monsarrat in 1939

joined the Navy with no more than a slight experience of small sailing craft and a love of the sea.

The story leaves no doubt that the U-boat packs were only one of the enemies of the guardians of the merchant navy convoys. The other, no less cruel and formidable, was the sea itself.

In the figure of Ericson, Monsarrat has created a character of heroic dimensions.

He is a figure with whom a woman reader can be more than half in love before the book is ended.

The author's ability to handle drama on its highest level is nowhere more admirably demonstrated than when Ericson is forced to sacrifice the lives of a group of torpedoed British sailors to depth-charge a U-boat.

The story of the men and ships which guarded the Western Approaches during World War II is as fine a record of their work as will be written.

"The Cruel Sea" is published by Cassell. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

### The Australian Women's Weekly

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**RODEO SPECTATORS.** Party of four sitting on the fence to watch the Calf Roping Championship are, from left, Betty Kelly, of Forster, N.S.W.; Bunny Nolan, of Rockhampton; Laurel Burdick, of Forster; and Pat Parker, of Rockhampton. Though amusing to watch, calf roping needs skill and judgment.

FROM PAGE 21

## Thrills 'n spills at the Rodeo

● In spite of the severe drought in parts of Queensland, 250 horses and 400 cattle were brought to Rockhampton for the 28 events of the Rodeo, which drew a crowd of 17,000.

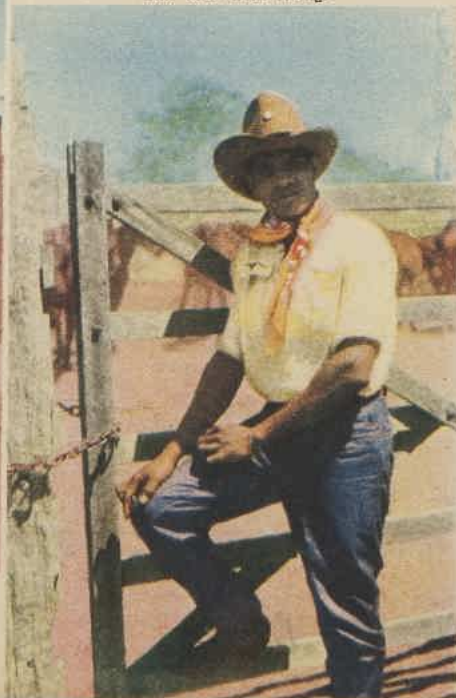
After two days of some of the best roughriding ever seen in Australia, spectators and competitors celebrated at a barbecue picnic at Emu Park, 35 miles out of Rockhampton.



**WELL-KNOWN** Australian trick roping and riding pair Dan Crotty and his son Buddy came from Adelaide to spin their lariat and thrill the crowd with their trick riding.



**HORSEMEN** Bill Welding (above left), of Rockhampton, and Mick Moy, of Laura Station, Queensland. At right: Keith Williams, who came from Wyndham, W.A., to compete.



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DOWN TO THE RIVER go the 14 canoes carried by crews competing in the Jubilee Marathon Canoe Race. Friends cheered them at the start of their exhausting endurance test. Out of the 14 which took part in the race three finished the course.



LEG MASSAGE for Tom Collins, 17, of Northcote, Victoria. His friend Frank Feltwell gave him this loosening-up rub with eucalyptus oil. Tom and his crew pulled out of the race, exhausted, at Windsor, six hours after leaving the starting-point at Penrith.



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS, this Victorian crew, in their Canadian canoe, sped through the water about five miles from the start. Record heat and bushfire smoke made the race more gruelling for contestants. Pictures were taken by staff photographer C. Alton Frazer.

THE Australian Jubilee Marathon Canoe Race, paddled over 100 miles of the beautiful Hawkesbury River, near Sydney, was won by 19-year-old Carl Tovey in what officials think may be world record time of 18½ hours.

Carl paddled an English kayak in which he trained for three months.

Secretary of the N.S.W. Association of Canoe Clubs, Ted Riley, said that Carl's remarkable effort should win him a place in Australia's 1956 Olympic team.

Australia has never had a canoe team in the Games, but will send Ross Chenoweth, who competed in the Jubilee Marathon, to Helsinki next year to observe international canoeists and advise Australians on their form for 1956.



LIFEBELTS, or Mae Wests, were part of the compulsory equipment for all competitors. Here Val De Piazza, 21, of Essendon, Victoria, inflates a Mae West for John Wharton, 19, also of Essendon.





**SLIM CANOES** emerge from the massive stone pylons of the Nepean Bridge as crews paddle for a good position to cross a weir 200 yards away.



**PADDLING FURIOUSLY**, Bernard Fiegel, of Sydney, negotiates the rapids at Castlereagh. He raced in a German-made kayak which he bought 17 years ago when he started canoeing in Europe, where he says conditions are easier for water touring than they are in Australia.



**UNDER TREE BRANCHES**, which dangerously overlapped the river at many points, winner Carl Tovey takes the rapids with a forward lean and sure-stroking paddle as he shoots through the late afternoon sun. The judges were amazed at Carl's physical endurance.



**OVER THE WEIR** goes Die Lorelei, balanced by a line affixed to her bows. She was second across the finishing line 19½ hours later, half an hour behind the winner.



**SECOND ACROSS THE LINE**, Don Endean, 23, of Coogee, Terry Kady, 18, of Croydon Park, and Frank Whitebrook, 28, of Manly, N.S.W., enjoy their cup of tea at the Peal's Ferry camp. They did the course with one rest of three hours for each man. Their only scare was finding a sleeping-bag full of crickets.



**WINNER** of the race Carl Tovey finishes his mother's rice custard, which he said helped to keep him going during his non-stop trip. His other provisions were meat-extract sandwiches dipped in river water to "make them slip down."

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# Girls share defence secrets



BETTY GIBBS (left), of South Australia, and Marie Argles, of Hornsby, N.S.W., adjust a kinethedolite at an observation post at the Woomera Rocket Range, Central Australia.



BETTY AND MARIE, who assess scientific records at the Long-range Weapons Establishment at Salisbury, near Adelaide, travel by Land Rover when they visit the range.

## Romance scores a hit at rocket range

By MARGARET SAUNDERS, staff reporter

One of the thrills of the job for girls working at the Long-range Weapons Establishment at Salisbury, near Adelaide, is making periodic visits to the Woomera Rocket Range, Central Australia.

The 40-odd girls at Salisbury work in close co-operation with scientists and engineers on secret defence work in connection with the rocket range.

SINCE the girls were first appointed less than three years ago there have been six engagements, with three marriages in the past year. Another will take place soon.

Their work at the establishment is operating computing machines and assessing scientific records.

The girls generally fly to the rocket range in a Bristol freighter, although they have made the trip in a Lincoln bomber. On the range they use a jeep or Land Rover.

The girls are from practically all States. Some came direct from school, others from a variety of jobs, ranging from clothes modelling to teaching.

Because of the skilled figure work required, the girls must have qualified in intermediate mathematics and physics.

They are encouraged to do further study at Adelaide University and their fees are paid and study leave granted by the establishment.

Most of the girls are well under 21, but irrespective of age they are paid from £8/14/- to £11/10/- a week.

Five girls have gone from Salisbury to England, where they are doing similar work.

It was on one of her trips to the rocket range that blonde Judy Chesterman met her fiancé, Sgt. Les Patroney, formerly of Queensland.

Judy did modelling work in Adelaide before taking a job with the Long-range Weapons Establishment.

Pretty teenager Rhonda Price, from Renmark, S.A., likes her work so much that she is planning to return to it after her marriage in November.

her to Englishman Ron Edmondson. Rhonda and Ron met at Salisbury.

Two other romances which matured at Salisbury were those of Barbara Haase and Jack Clarke, who have married, and Frances Waters and Ray Barnes, who are engaged.

Barbara, who came from Stawell, Victoria, told me that she and her husband hoped to get a flat near one of the Adelaide beaches.

The long train trip involved does not seem to deter them.

Teaching was to have been the career of Frances Waters, who flew to Salisbury straight from school in Perth last year. But now she and Ray propose to make their home in Adelaide.

At present Frances has a flat near Salisbury with Marie Argles, of N.S.W., and Gwendy Easton, of Mildura, Victoria.

At Salisbury there is plenty of social life for the girls. They can play tennis, golf, basketball, and they have week-end dances.

The craze of the moment is



AT THE GATEWAY leading to the officers' mess at Woomera are South Australians (left to right) Marjorie Porter, Marion Redden, Mary Bennett, Pat Crowhurst, Judith Chesterman, Kath Brokensha, and Joy Winzor.

chess. This fever was running so high that the girls clubbed together and bought an expensive chess set.

Twenty-one-year-old Patricia Yates, who believes that she was the first girl from N.S.W. to apply for a post with the establishment, proudly displayed her own miniature chess set.

Patricia, who comes from Ourimbah, and who was formerly an audit clerk, says writing home takes up most of her spare time. She hopes to go home for Christmas holidays.

Mary Evans, of Sydney, was formerly a technical assistant with De Havilland Aircraft.

She said that she was at home, temporarily unemployed during a coal strike, when she read the advertisement calling for applicants for positions with the Long-range Weapons Establishment.

Because of her interest in maths she answered it immediately.

Mary is sharing a house at Plympton, an Adelaide suburb, with Ivy Flavell, of Western Australia, and Janet Webster, of Sydney.

Janet was a University coach in Sydney and also mathematics assistant at C.S.I.R.O. radiophysics department, Sydney.

Ivy Flavell was a graduate teacher in Western Australia and technical librarian with Australian Paper Manufacturers in Victoria.

Of the original five girl computers, four remain. They are Lilian Bunday, Pat Davies, Suzanne Davies, and Esther Mansfield, all South Australians. They began in January, 1949.

The fifth, Judith Ellis, recently went to England.



AT LUNCHTIME at Salisbury the girls often turn from mathematical calculations to solving chess problems. Chess is the current enthusiasm at the Long-range Weapons Establishment.

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# THERE IS STILL TIME TO WIN £3000

## Quiz contest closes on Dec. 1, so start on your entry to-day

You don't have to be a secretary, a homemaker, or a glamor girl to enter one or all of our three fascinating quizzes. Many of the thousands of competitors are men.

There is still time to get to work before the closing date, December 1. Read the prize list and you will soon start on the quiz which appeals to you most.

There are ten questions in each quiz, Office, Romance, and Homemaker. The prize for the best entry in each is £1000. You can win £3000 by entering all three sections. Prizes total £5000.

**H**AVE you ever seen a friend's romance develop and then break up? Has a romance in your own life gone awry? Why do these things happen? Turn to the intriguing questions in the Romance Quiz and you'll find you know the answers.

The first and last questions will give you a lot of amusement, and the ones in between are fascinating, too.

You don't have to work in an office to answer the Office Quiz. Just suppose you had a chance to be the boss' secretary and had to exercise some authority tactfully.

Could you do it? It wouldn't be all plain sailing. What sort of clothes would you wear? How would you deal with awkward situations?

All career girls don't work in offices, but the golden rules for them all are similar.

### Romance Quiz

1—Suggest four golden rules for girls—nice girls—who wish to be attractive to the opposite sex.

2—You are a working girl with ambitions. Your wardrobe is adequate for your workaday life, but you often wish for something more suitable for parties. You are suddenly presented with £100 to spend on clothes, and decide to set yourself up with things suitable for a smarter social life. Assuming you have a good winter coat, how would you lay out the money to be of advantage not only this summer but for several seasons?

3—What are the three best beauty hints you know?

4—Suppose you are a salesgirl in a big department store. The new head of your department, in charge of a large number of girls, is an attractive young man who is noticing you with special interest. You believe he would like to ask you out, but is afraid that it would be unwise because of your respective working positions. How would you go about encouraging his interest while at the same time indicating that you are the soul of discretion and that friendship with you would never prove an embarrassment in working hours?

5—Your methods prove successful, and soon you are seeing the young man regularly. However, his mother, while committing no breach of good manners, receives you coolly, and after a few visits to his home you come to the conclusion she thinks her son might do better for himself. What would you do to try to win her confidence, and if you failed what would you do then?

6—Anyway, you begin to pop a few treasures in your bottom drawer. List the items of house linen you think any girl should offer as her contribution to the future home. Outline an idea for one set of table linen that would give a trousseau an individual touch.

7—Love conquers all, you think, when you accept his ring, followed by other presents designed to grace your joint future home. But six months later you find you are no longer happy in the engagement (though this is not due to any grave fault in his behaviour to you or his character) and decide to end it. What action would you take in announcing your change of heart to your fiancé and your friends?

8—Time marches on. A couple of years later you are living in another town or suburb and at last meet your true love. He has only one fault, a strong sense of jealousy. He asks you to marry him, you say yes, and you wonder whether to tell him of your previous engagement or take a chance he will never hear of it. What do you decide, and why?

9—Out of the wisdom of your experience, suggest three ways (apart from beauty care and attention to dress) in which a girl can develop her personality.

10—Suggest four golden rules for the man who wants to rate as a charming escort.

### Office Quiz

1—Suggest four golden rules for career girls.

2—Suppose you are a shorthand-typist with three years' experience in a general office. Your shorthand and typing are good, you consider yourself alert, well informed, and worthy of a better job. So answer the following advertisement.

WANTED: Experienced stenographer as secretary to execu-

Page 28

You'll certainly have no difficulty in working out the last question. Everyone finds the framing of four golden rules for the boss easy enough. The hard part is to stop at four.

Then there is the Homemaker Quiz. It is designed to show the scope of the job you are doing in the home, the emergencies that crop up, socially, and the family problems, as well as the economics of homemaking.

You needn't be a homemaker to answer these questions. Everyone has some experience of family life. Everyone knows wives and mothers who are capable of dealing with any emergency—and some who panic at the slightest upset.

Homemakers certainly know a lot about romance; so wives and mothers can turn back the leaves of memory and get going on the Romance Quiz, too. If you want to escape from the worries of the day—and who doesn't?—tackle the Office Quiz, too, and imagine you are the secretary of a very important businessman.

Thousands have found this contest absorbing and amusing. You will, too.

Make a start now, while there is still time.

Read the rules carefully. You must answer the whole ten questions in each section you enter for.

tive of large company. Only girls with personality and willing to concentrate on exacting job will be considered. Reply, stating educational and business qualifications, to Executive, Box 0202, Blanktown.

3—Congratulations, you got the job. Till now your clothes purchases have been limited by your small salary. This winter you managed to buy a good topcoat, but you have nothing else very good. Suddenly you are given £100 to spend on clothes. How would you lay out the money to benefit for several seasons ahead as well as for this summer?

4—Your new chief is a nervous, forgetful man. At 10.55 one morning you discover he has made an appointment for 11 a.m. with one important client, forgetting that you have already made an appointment with another equally important for the same time. They arrive together. What do you do?

5—The organisation for which you now work covers many different activities. A letter comes in which requires information from a number of different departments before your chief can draft the final answer. What steps would you take to see that it was quickly dealt with by each one?

6—You're proving so efficient all sorts of little problems come to you to be solved. For instance, there has been a great increase in the consumption of notepaper, envelopes, paper clips, pencils, nibs, etc., and it has been suggested that staff members are supplying their personal needs from office stocks. You are told to stop it. Draft a memo, calling for economy in all departments in the use of all kinds of stationery.

7—Now you are answering tricky letters yourself. This morning there is a letter from a valued but troublesome customer of your firm, complaining that some items of a consignment of goods received at his shop were damaged in transit. You must write a firm but inoffensive letter which states that the goods were undamaged when they left your firm's factory, that they were carried by one of the most reliable of your transport personnel, and that it is possible that they were damaged on his premises. The name of your firm is A. B. C. D. Jones Pty. Ltd., 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, general merchants, cable address Daeel. The letter goes out from the sales manager, Mr. A. B. C. Smith, to the general manager of the firm of X. Y. Z. Brown and Sons, 60 Regent Street, Sydney. (Answer to this question is to be the whole letter typed and set out completely with the firm's name and details shown as if on a printed letterhead.)

8—You are shocked at the sight of this envelope in the mail one morning. Tabulate the errors made in addressing it.

F. PINE, Esq., B.Sc. MBE,  
84 ABERNETHY ST,  
KEDRON

9—You are successful now, and well paid, but find that you are concentrating too much on your career and cutting yourself off from normal women's interests. State why this is a bad thing and what you will do to avoid loss of femininity.

10—Suggest four golden rules for employers.

KEEP THIS PAGE. The quiz questions may NOT be published again during the course of the contest.

## FULL LIST OF PRIZES

£1000 for best answer to each quiz	£3000
£250 for second best answer to each quiz	£750
£100 for third best answer to each quiz	£300
£20 for best answer to any question (30 prizes of £20)	£600
£10 for second best answer to any question (30 prizes of £10)	£300
£1 for witty replies (50 consolation prizes)	£50
	<b>£5000</b>

### Homemaker Quiz

1—Suggest four golden rules for homemakers.

2—You are an average housewife running a home on an average income. Your wardrobe is limited, you have a good winter topcoat, but nothing else of much value. Suddenly you are given £100, which you must spend all at once on clothes. State what you would buy with that money so that you would benefit not only this summer but for several seasons to come.

3—Yesterday afternoon you went to a kitchen tea at which each guest had to write down her favorite household hint for the bride-to-be. What did you write?

4—To-day your husband rings you at 4 p.m. to say he is bringing home a business friend for dinner. You have been out shopping and intended to have a quick meal, for which you bought four chops and one pound of green peas. You have a small end of cold roast mutton and your pantry holds the ordinary household needs, including eggs, cheese, bacon, tomatoes, potatoes, plus the following tinned or bottled goods: Meat loaf, asparagus cuts, fish paste, capers, spaghetti, baked beans, white salmon, halved peaches. There are no savory biscuits or crackers. You expect husband and guest by 6 p.m., and consider the meal should be on the table by 7 o'clock. How will you turn the scratch meal into a festive dinner? You can use a pressure cooker if you wish.

5—The years go by and your eight-year-old, Bobby, is at school. One day he brings home a note from his teacher, saying he is lazy and inattentive, and asking you to speak to him. You feel, like most mothers, that Bobby's teacher doesn't understand him, because you know Bobby doesn't like the teacher. Then, thinking it over, you realise Bobby is lazy and inattentive at home, too. How do you deal with this situation?

6—Your neighbor, like you, is worried about her household bills. Help her by giving your recipe for the most economical main-dinner dish you know, in quantities for a family of six.

7—Your neighbor's son has a motor-bike and is in the habit of roaring home noisily late at night. You are on good terms with the family, and have previously mentioned this matter mildly to the boy's mother, without result. Your husband is quick-tempered and outspoken, and you want to get the matter settled without his intervention. What would you do about it?

8—Out of the wisdom of your housekeeping experience, outline a day-to-day plan of household duties for a week in a three-bedroom house for a family consisting of husband, wife, and two schoolchildren.

9—You begin to feel yourself submerged in mundane home duties. You have only a little pocket-money to spare. What steps will you take to get yourself again in touch with current affairs and the wider world?

10—Suggest four golden rules for husbands.

### CONTEST RULES

● To enter The Australian Women's Weekly Quiz Contest, you must answer at least one complete quiz. You may enter for all of the three or any one or two of them.

● Name and address must be put on each quiz you answer. For instance, if you answer the Office Quiz and the Homemaker Quiz, pin together the answers for the Office Quiz with your name and address written on the entry. Pin together the answers for the Homemaker Quiz and again put your name and address on the entry. You may send your answers in the one envelope.

● Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' views of relative merits of the entries received.

● Judges will be the Editor and departmental experts of The Australian Women's Weekly. The judges' decisions will be final and no correspondence will be entered into regarding those decisions.

● Winners of the major prizes are not eligible for prizes for answers to individual questions.

● Employees or parents, children, brothers, or sisters of employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. are not eligible to enter the contest.

● All entrants warrant that their entries are their own original work. Copyright in all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd. Entries will not be returned. They will be destroyed after the contest ends.

Address your entries: Quiz Contest, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 21, 1951



# Australian gum trees now make paper



IRISH MIGRANT Eamon Kiernan takes off his socks and Wellington boots after a day's work at the mill. He doesn't mind Gippsland mud. This part of the Latrobe Valley, with its rich pastures and wet winter, has a natural attraction for nostalgic exiles from Erin.



PANORAMIC VIEW of Australian Paper Manufacturers' pulp and paper mill, a £17,000,000 industry, at Maryvale, in Gippsland, Victoria. Eucalypt billets in the foreground leave the other end of the mill as 3-ton rolls of high-grade wrapping paper or as cellulose for the manufacture of a variety of commodities at other industrial enterprises throughout the Commonwealth. The company's chemists are now working on the production of rayon textiles from timber.



NEW AUSTRALIANS Mike Papaioinou (left) and Andy Layudis, from Cyprus, take time off at Boola Boola Forest Camp for a smoko. Andy averages between £20 and £25 a week timber-getting. He is saving up to bring his parents to Australia.



BARK DRUM ATTENDANT Mal McKay (left) and bark truck-driver Kelly Doupain watch gum billets losing bark and being washed as they speed along to a machine which will reduce them to "potato chips" for pulping.

## Men queue up for jobs with £17,000,000 firm

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

At Maryvale, in the lush Latrobe Valley, about 120 miles from Melbourne, Australian Paper Manufacturers Ltd. is producing cellulose, bulk pulp, and paper from former waste timber.

The most remarkable of these achievements is the production from gum trees of pulp from which wrapping paper is made.

AUSTRALIAN experts perfected the formula after 20 years' research despite the opinion of foreign scientists who claimed that eucalypt timber fibre was too short to weld into the type of pulp necessary.

Because wrapping paper is stronger than other types and must have greater bursting and tearing resistance, the pulp from which it is made is called kraft pulp. Kraft is Swedish and German for strength.

The Australian Paper Manufacturers' mill is responsible for the production of wholly Australian-made wrapping paper—from the toughest cement bags to sheer greaseproof—and is producing it at half the cost of the imported article, which is as scarce as it is costly.

The Maryvale mill is one of the rare industries in Australia which has a waiting-list of men keen to work there.

The A.P.M.'s housing scheme for employees accounts for much of the competition for a paper pulp industry job.

There is a tradition of

mutual regard between wage-earners and management.

A sense of security is fostered by means of a company-wide scheme covering sickness and unemployment.

Employees are given a feeling of ownership in the enterprise by being allowed to buy company shares on a weekly payment basis.

Wages earned by male employees at the mill range from about £11 to £25 a week.

The Maryvale mill was launched by the 83-year-old firm in 1939, a few months before the war.

The then drowsy nearby townships of Traralgon and Morwell were selected as residential areas for employees, who for a £5 deposit and repayments of from as little as 17/6 a week were able to buy comfortable wooden homes built by the company.

As new homes are completed now, they are snapped up by a 12-months-long waiting-list of employees, who become kings of their castles for a deposit of £10, and interest and capital repayments of approximately £2/10/- a week.

Married men on the waiting-list for a house, and single men and women, are quartered in company-built hostels, paying board of 30/- a week to hostel caterers, who are subsidised by the company.

One of the caterers is Harry Sanders, former R.M.S. Orana chef and caterer at the British Foreign Office in post-war Berlin.

"The job here returns a good living," he said, "provided some of my boarders miss out on a few meals to make up for the appetites of the Irishmen."

There are many Irish migrants in the district.

Valentine Corcoran, from Kilkenny, a 21-year-old mill bleach helper, told staff photographer Ernie Mann and me that he had migrated to Australia six months ago because he found the shape of the continent so "very interesting" on a map at Australia House, London.

Another Irishman is red-haired Eamon Kiernan, from Balingagare.

After gathering no moss with 25 jobs from the time of his arrival in Australia two years ago, Eamon has worked at the mill for eight months.

Ten miles from Traralgon, in timber country, is the A.P.M. Boola Boola Forest Camp.

Here axemen, who include

university graduates, former European peasants, Australian bushmen, and students on vacation, make more than £90 a fortnight.

Area foreman and ace bushman Jack Charlton explained that to win big money from the forest men had to lose sleep and weight, getting up about 4.30 a.m. and working until dark.

He said many were prepared to do this seven days a week six months at a stretch to raise money to buy a house—possibly even in another State—to find capital for a business venture, or just to go on the spree.

At the big Maryvale mill on the bank of the Latrobe River, logs emerge from machines as three-ton rolls of paper, or speed off on trucks as huge parcels of cellulose, to be turned into a multitude of commodities.

The mill has the largest paper-making machine in the Southern Hemisphere. It turns out about 1100 miles of 190-inch-wide paper a week.

The characteristic odor given off by chemicals is always noticed by visitors, who compare it to bad eggs or satirically label it Chanel 99.

But Latrobe Valley locals or mill employees remember with respect that while this pungent smell fills the air their £17,000,000 industry flourishes.



CATERER Harry Sanders and his ex-Wren wife with their infant son, John Winston (after Mr. Churchill), and dog, Schnapps, beside the fire in their home in the grounds of the hostel they manage for Australian Paper Manufacturers.



SETTING OFF FOR GOLF. Mrs. Alfred Elliott greets her neighbor, Mrs. George Phillips, outside Mrs. Phillips' house in Cumberland St., Traralgon. The Elliotts have been householders since 1939, and have more than half paid off their home at 25/2 a week. The Phillips, who began to buy their house later, are paying it off at about 38/- a week.





## To her credit

It is indeed to the credit of a young lady that she knows how to manage her own finances. This business girl finds that the easiest way is through her cheque account with the Bank of New South Wales. Her employer pays her salary into her account and she makes all payments by cheque. She carries only sufficient ready cash for incidental expenses. A complete record of income and expenditure is available from her "Wales" pass-book, and her money is safe in the Bank.

You can bank on the "Wales"

You, too, may enjoy the convenience and safety of a personal cheque account with the —

**BANK OF  
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FIRST BANK IN AUSTRALIA

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## How important is her health to you?

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Your child's health is beyond price, so insist on CALIFIG. There is no safer or more natural laxative.

Always ask for it by name: CALIFIG

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**Califig**

The Original  
**CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS**

## ANNABELLE



"Dear Sir, Yours of even date to hand . . . O-ooh-wah-ha! Have you ever danced to the Rhythm Boys at Joe's Cavern?"

## BUTCH



"The defendant was extremely careful about removing his fingerprints from the door-knobs and window-sills. However . . ."

# It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drain

WHEN a social history is written of the twentieth century it won't be complete without a reference to the hamburger shop—or joint, if you want to be pedantic.

With its juke-box and its haze of cooking smoke it's as much part of the age as jive, boogie, bodgie cults, inflation, and atomic energy.

There's one in a Sydney suburb which strikes a strange, off-key note. In the window, placed dead-centre on a lace d'oyley, is a beautiful old copper kettle with a handle of pale blue china.

It conjures up a picture of a hamburger-shopkeeper whose heart is back in the 18th century.

While his customers talk in 1951 jargon about racing tips and the latest pop tunes, he wishes perhaps that he were running a coffee-shop two hundred years ago, and that Dr. Johnson and his friends were talking learnedly in long-rounded sentences and making quips in Latin.

This is one of those flights of imagination that occupy the mind as the windows sweep past a crowded tram. Maybe someone just gave the pair a pretty copper kettle and the owner didn't know where else to put it.

I HAD a letter this week from a reader who is a member of a world-wide club of shorthand writers.

Each member starts with a small notebook and begins in it a letter (in shorthand) on any subject except religion or politics. The book goes round to the other members, each of whom adds a comment in shorthand. After it has finished its travels, which may take it to England, America, India, Malaya, and Africa, it comes back to its sender.

It sounds a novel hobby, and quite the most interesting point is that the members can read one another's shorthand.

It is many years since my youthful imagination was first fired by those inspiring stories of wizard shorthand writers, and horrifying tales of shorthand blunders that are told to learners. My shorthand has now reached the stage where I use it only when I have plenty of time.

But I still remember the anecdotes we used to be told, especially the one about the stenographer whose omission of the word "the" cost a firm £10,000.

I learned a shorthand not widely used in Australia, and the most fascinating thing about its manuals was that they jibed continually at other brands. For instance, they claimed, using this wonderful method you never could make such silly mistakes as transcribing "a horse-faced fellow" when the words were "a hoarse-voiced fellow."

Couldn't you just! I can do a lot better than that.

A YALE University scientist, Dr. George P. Murdock, forecasts a "historic upheaval" after which women would rule men.

Silly man! The wily ones always have.

ONCE upon a time people kept some of their thoughts to themselves. That was before the days of public opinion surveys and popular psychology.

What is lacking in privacy to-day is compensated by the reassurance that other people are crazy too.

Which arises out of the report of a public opinion survey held in Canada recently, when people were asked what they would like to be if they had to be some other kind of living creature.

Twenty-five per cent said

"a bird," mostly adding "for the freedom."

Twenty-one per cent, astonishingly, wanted to be dogs.

Personally, I'd string along with the seven per cent who favored the life of a cat. A cat has the best of both worlds. It has the freedom of a bird to come and go as it pleases, and the domestic comforts of a dog, without being required to bark at burglars or bring the paper home in its mouth.

Certainly a cat lacks wings, but consider how much time it spends asleep in the sun or by the fireside. So much more comfortable than sitting bolt upright on a twig.

IN Federal Parliament last week Mr. Allan Fraser, the Member for Eden-Monaro, suggested that a summarised Hansard would be of more interest to the public than the present verbatim version.

Admittedly you wouldn't class Hansard as escape literature in its present form.

It lacks, for instance, suspense, characterisation, and, while containing a certain amount of humor, it doesn't sparkle.

Nevertheless I agree that it could certainly be summarised. Something like this:

"The Member for So-and-So at this point awoke from a deep sleep and made one of those long, pointless speeches with which we won't bore you, familiar as they are to all radio listeners."

"Mr. Blank, the Member for Dash-it-All, mumbling and stumbling as usual, responded."

"I don't agree," he said in 2000 words. Four more back-benchers stole out of the half-empty Chamber and the rest endured it as well as they could . . ."

It would save a lovely lot of paper, too.

THE milkman's horse just stands and stares

And his fringe gets in his eyes,  
And whether he's brooding, full of cares,  
Or merely calm and wise,  
Is hard to tell as he waits in the street  
For his master to return,  
Ignoring the traffic's rising beat  
With patient unconcern.

The buses almost graze his ear,  
But he never turns his head,  
Inured to their noise, as year by year  
He has learned his fears to shed.  
And he seems to say with a wink that's sly,  
"My day's work's nearly done,  
"While you poor slaves who go clattering by,  
"Your day has just begun."

## BEAUTY TALK

By Beauty Adviser  
MARGARET LAMOND



DIANA GREGORY, enchanting Sydney model, is a favourite with photographers. "I'm a bit of a collector," she says. "Coloured Foam Shampoo has made my hair so silky-soft and easy to photograph," says Diana.

## GIVING YOUR HAIR SILKY-SOFT, SHINING BEAUTY

DIANA GREGORY told me the secret of her lovely hair the other day. Recently she started using new Colinated Foam Shampoo, and the extra sheen it gives her hair is really amazing. Every girl can have lovely, well-groomed hair if she gives it proper care. Prior to one regular weekly shampooing—nothing less—and, whatever you do, use a good shampoo. Even the best shampoos leave a dulling film that takes all the attractiveness from your hair. If you really want to make the most of your precious hair, I recommend using nothing but new Colinated Foam Shampoo. Quite likely you've used "soaps" shampoos and have noticed that your hair is left dull and lifeless, instead of shining and full of highlights. These synthetic shampoos were developed in England and America to beat hard water, which makes lathering a trial, but they definitely dry out the natural oils so necessary for healthy, radiant hair. In Australia, with our soft, easy-to-lather water, we don't need to use synthetics. That's why wonderful new Colinated Foam Shampoo is so ideal for our conditions, and its hair-conditioner keeps your hair healthy and shining through sun and wind the year round. No other shampoo I know of is as kind to your hair as new Colinated Foam.

## TEENAGER SOLVES HAIR PROBLEM



FRESH, youthful model, Barbara Martin, says: "It's difficult to do outdoor sports and keep your hair beautiful for modelling. The answer I found was new Colinated Foam Shampoo—my hair is new wonderfully healthy and radiant." Why risk your hair becoming dry and dull. Clump to new Colinated Foam Shampoo and you'll love the extra silky shine it gives your hair. And nine glamorous shampoos from a bottle are the best value anywhere. Get a bottle to-day!

Margaret Lamond

P.S.—The new hair-conditioner in new Colinated Foam Shampoo keeps your hair healthy and shining, and it is a dandruff solvent as well.



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**NEW...**Chen Yu's colors! Fabulous true reds, blue-reds, corals, pinks... all color-schemed to set you dreaming of new season's clothes.

**NEW...**Chen Yu's functional finger-rest container with the finger-guide brush that's not too long, not too short, just right for clean, quick, easy application.



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The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 21, 1951

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Your dentist  
will tell you...

"Some teeth are lost through decay...  
but **EVEN MORE** through  
gum troubles."



**S.R. Toothpaste**  
does much more  
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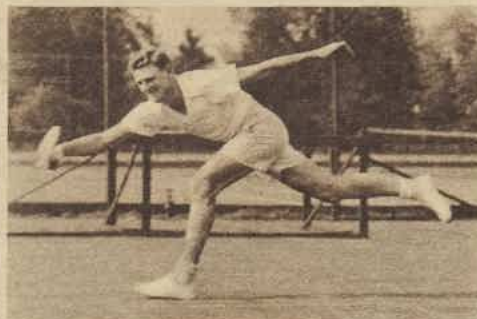


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# DAVIS CUP CARNIVAL:



CHAMPIONSHIP COURT at White City, Rushcutters Bay Sydney, where the Davis Cup will be decided this year. The spectator stands have been enlarged to hold a crowd of 15,000 people. Men have been working on the court for six months to bring it up to perfection by December 26.



AUSTRALIA'S No. 2 DAVIS CUP PLAYER, tall, bronzed Ken McGregor, leaps for a spectacular backhand shot. He is an erratic player, but especially deadly at the net. At 22, this is his second Davis Cup.

## Players and public have their funny little ways

By SHEILA PATRICK, staff reporter

Most people have heard of Dick Savitt, Ted Schroeder, Frank Sedgman, and Ken McGregor, who will be among the world-famous tennis stars playing in the current Davis Cup tournament.

But how many people know of weather-beaten old groundsman Don Ryan and his horse, Pride; keen-eyed ball-boy Bruce Birmingham; veteran umpire Ernie Gosper, or the hundreds of enthusiastic tennis players who are working hard to ensure the success of the carnival?

WHEN I visited the White City tennis courts, Rushcutters Bay, Sydney, where the Davis Cup Finals will be played on December 26, 27, and 28, I came upon chief groundsman Don Ryan digging turf out of the backline on one of the grass courts.

Standing patiently nearby was his horse, Pride.

"The championship court will be in perfect trim by the first day of the Cup," Mr. Ryan told me.

Elderly white-haired Mr. Ryan has been keeping the grass courts at White City in condition for more than 30 years.

He has given the championship court its final top-dressing. It is now being mowed and rolled.

With a twinkle in his sea-blue eyes, Mr. Ryan said that he always graded tennis players by the way they treated his courts.

"Jack Crawford is the easiest man on a tennis court," he said confidentially. "He's as light as a feather."

"Ray Dunlop is one of the heaviest," he added, and dropped another clod of turf into his dray.

"Dunlop has big feet and is a slider."

"Fred Perry is a slider and a skidder, too."

Mr. Ryan gave Pride's head a good shake as she began to sway sleepily.

"And Ellsworth Vines is a slider and never lifts his feet from the ground. He's very hard on the court."

"Modern players tend to jump in the air more than the old-style players did, and most of the force is in their arms rather than in their legs."

"Most players never even think of the court they play on."

"They don't care if it has just been raining or whether they tear up the surface or not."

"I know I'm a bit fussy, but, do you know, some of the players ask me whether I would like to keep my courts in glass cases!"

Pride, who was standing patiently by while her master leant on his spade yarning, started to sway again.

Mr. Ryan gave her a nudge. "Wake up, old girl," he said.

There was a rattle of harness and Pride began to slip to the ground.

"Oh, wake up!" Mr. Ryan said, giving her a push.

"She's a terror for sleeping," he explained.

"She's all right as long as she is working, but as soon as she stands still she drops off to sleep."

"She's well-bred, too, and not old, only 18 or 19, but I think she suffers from insomnia."



SOLID YOUNG AMERICAN DAVIS CUP PLAYER Tony Trabert takes a difficult backhand shot while practising at White City Courts, Sydney. Trabert is on special leave from the U.S. Navy.



# They work for its success



**BALL-BOY**—Bruce Birmingham, who will for balls at Davis Cup matches, keeps fit with the shoulder-wheel at a city gymnasium.

"Her stable is next to the stadium, and she doesn't get much sleep most nights."

"During the Davis Cup I will cover the court at night," he said. "I will probably work back most nights attending to any little patches of wear and tear which might occur."

"I often have to work back because we usually water the courts at night. My missus doesn't mind. She's used to it."

Mr. Ryan said that the grass used for the courts was Cynodum dactylon, a type of couch.

"Our worst weed is paspalum," he added. "It drives me mad."

Pride began to sway again. She looked as if she were dropping off properly this time.

"Well, I must get on with my work," said Mr. Ryan. "Pride will be fast asleep if I don't keep her going."

Mr. Ryan and the reluctant Pride trundled off with their cartload of grass sods.

A secret office only known to the inner circle of the Davis Cup Committee is where Mrs. Ella Hill has been receiving and answering applications for tickets for seats for the Davis Cup.

I was led to Mrs. Hill's office after swearing not to divulge its location.

"People go to extraordinary lengths to get seats," Mrs. Hill told me.

"Some say they are very old and want to see a Davis Cup before they die. They often write me their life stories."

"One applicant, an ex-P.O.W., sent six pages about how he had dreamed he went to a Davis Cup while he was in a Japanese prison camp, and it was now his life's ambition to see one in the flesh."

When I asked if this dreaming soldier were among the successful applicants, Mrs. Hill smiled enigmatically.

"Some people say they want aisle seats because they have wooden legs," she continued.

"And some men want seats which don't face the sun because their wives get cranky when the sun shines in their eyes."

Mrs. Hill said that many people asked for the most expensive seats or none at all.

"This is rather silly, because some of the cheaper seats are

nearly as good as the most expensive ones," she added.

Seats cost from £10/11/9 to £4/15/6 for three days' play.

"The main thing about being a smart ball-boy is to start off on the correct foot," lanky 22-year-old Bruce Birmingham told me when I interviewed him at a city gymnasium where he trains three nights a week.

"Of course, you have to be in extra good nick and use your head," he added.

Bruce will be among the half-dozen ball-boys foxing balls at the Davis Cup matches.

He has been playing tennis with the Sydney Western Suburbs Harcourts Association, and he has been a ball-boy for five years.

A despatch clerk in a suburban manufacturing firm, Bruce arranges his annual holidays so that he can take his place on the sidelines at big tennis carnivals in Sydney.

He will have special leave for the Davis Cup.

"I always wanted to be a tennis champ," he said. "I play a lot, but don't make the big time, so I am concentrating on being a top-flight ball-boy."



**AN UMPIRE** for 30 years, Mr. Ernie Gosper is still enthusiastic about tennis.



**MR. DON RYAN**, chief groundsman at White City, Rushcutters Bay, Sydney, is very proud of his horse, Pride, but he is so busy getting the courts into condition he has no time to groom her.

Bruce said that being a ball-boy at championships was wonderful because he got to know the players.

"They say 'good day' to me and sometimes call me by my name," he added excitedly. "I can get their autographs, too."

"I have two albums of autographed pictures of tennis stars which I'm insuring for £200."

"I write to countries all over the world for programmes of tennis championships, and I have a wonderful collection."

## Mum understands

"I HAVE no other interests, just tennis. My Mum understands, too."

Bruce explained that a good ball-boy always followed the game closely and studied the psychological make-up of the players.

"When I am in good form I don't touch the court at all," he said, grinning. "I just float around it."

"I've studied McGregor and Sedgman's likes and dislikes,



**SECRET** but not exciting, Mrs. E. Hill's job is allotting tickets for the Davis Cup.

and I hope to please them when they play in the Cup."

"They like the first ball off the court before they serve the second, and have other little idiosyncrasies."

"Sedgman is my idol. I am happiest when I am ball-boy to Frank."

"Art Larven is the fussiest tennis player I have worked for, and Billy Sidwell is the fussiest Australian player."

"It's my ambition later to become an umpire. That would be wonderful."

Mr. Ernie Gosper, secretary of the Australian Umpires' Association, informed me: "Umpires don't wear special clothes for the job."

Mr. Gosper, a schoolteacher, is one of the umpires chosen for the Davis Cup.

He said the umpires wore their ordinary dark street clothes and a felt hat.

"We must have keen eyesight, good concentration, experience, and a thorough knowledge of the rules," he added.

Mr. Gosper should know, because he has umpired all international tennis matches played in Australia since 1924.

"I'm a player too," he said, "but umpiring is my pleasure now."

Mr. Gosper is a teacher at Bellevue Hill Primary School. In his spare time he acts as honorary tennis coach to a group of schoolchildren.

"Sometimes it is as difficult to control the spectators at big matches as it is to control the players," he said.

"After the war, crowds were particularly difficult to handle, but they have settled down now."

"Know-all's are hard players to umpire, but worst of all are declining champs. Every point is so very vital to their score."

"I think Jack Crawford was the best fellow I have ever umpired."

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HIS MAJESTY THE KING and Princess Elizabeth, who share a close, warm friendship, enjoy a joke in the grounds of Windsor Castle.



TINY MASCOT of the 48th Highlanders, Len Ogden, aged four, attracted Princess Elizabeth's attention when she inspected a guard of honor in Toronto during her tour of Canada.

# Elizabeth-The Woman

By MARION CRAWFORD

One of the first things which impressed me about the Royal Family when I joined them was their love of laughter.

IN those days the King was very boyish and would sometimes laugh in an uninhibited and refreshing way for several minutes at a time at a good joke.

They were always a very jolly family, and while they were playing together it was wonderful to see the gusto with which the King entered into the children's games. To me he was the ideal father.

That was in their private life. But on more dignified occasions they have a remarkable control over their sense of humor.

One Sunday morning in the little chapel in the park of Windsor Lodge, the visiting preacher was a short, stout man with a shining bald head. He had been delivering his sermon for some minutes when I saw a bee approach him.

It flew round him several times, getting nearer with each circuit. I watched it, fascinated.

Awful pictures of it stinging him rose to my mind, and I saw from the look I stole at the King, sitting on my left in front of me, that similar thoughts were passing through his mind.

I gave a sort of strangled cough, and quickly buried my face in my handkerchief. But before I did so I caught sight of Princess Elizabeth, then about ten years of age, with a face as firm and calm.

I knew she had been watching with the same fascination as I; but she had al-

ready achieved an iron control of her emotions, and all I could see was that the flowers on her hat were quivering with her suppressed laughter.

During the King's illness and the absence of the Duke of Edinburgh in Malta, the Queen and the Princess have been almost constant companions.

It is not only her deep love and sympathy for her mother that has kept her by her side but also her responsibilities as the King's daughter.

From the very first I felt that there was something special about the King's feeling for Elizabeth. He showed it in a different way from his obvious love for Margaret.

Princess Elizabeth would always sense his mood and conform to it. When I used to see them walk together from Royal Lodge to the stables, where they fed the horses, they seemed to me a perfect picture of father and daughter.

To Princess Elizabeth he always used his normal, adult tone, as one understanding, sensible person to another.

After the King's accession, he and the Queen had less time to romp with their daughters, who often sighed for the old days.

"I do wish Papa hadn't to see all those old people," Princess Elizabeth would say. "I think it would do him good to play with us for a bit."

Princess Elizabeth began to notice the great change forcing into their lives. "I wish papa was here," she would say. Or,

"Let's find papa and tell him..."

Then she would break off. "Oh dear, I suppose he's busy," she would end sadly.

How fortunate it was for Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret that neither was an only child!

I was always struck by the easy, amiable way of the two Princesses. They were never afraid or shy of people, but always went out to them in a very open and heart-warming way.

But I think they did miss the company of a brother.

Sometimes the two Harewood boys would come, or more often their cousins John

brother was not a wonderful possession.

Those who saw the Trooping of the Color last summer will never forget the sight of Princess Elizabeth taking her place in the procession, serenely seated on her horse.

As she rode to take the salute at the Trooping Ceremony, as a Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, she wore a scarlet and gold tunic and a black bearskin tricorne with a white plume, an exact copy of the hat worn by a Grenadier Colonel in 1754.

"It made me think," one courtier told me, "of that well-known picture of Queen Elizabeth reviewing her troops

with enthusiasm. For these are the functions to which her life has been dedicated.

It cannot be pleasant to have your income, needs, and expenses attacked by the House of Commons and the result of their debate published all over the world.

I well remember the embarrassed air which hung over Buckingham Palace while the allowances paid yearly to Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip were being debated.

From the age of eleven the Princess received a yearly income of £6000—granted her out of the King's Civil list of £410,000.

At twenty-one this income was raised to £15,000 annually, and at the time of her marriage raised to £30,000 with extra grants for the upkeep of Clarence House.

To those who think these figures large, I would point out what inflated expenses Royalty have to bear. When she is abroad, Princess Elizabeth is our Number One Ambassador.

Although so much of the life Princess Elizabeth has to lead must be a burden to her, there is one side of her public life which I know will always grip and enthuse her.

From her earliest moments she has always had that interest in soldiers, uniforms, and military customs which so animates her father.

On one of our Monday afternoon excursions with Queen Mary, I noticed Elizabeth not paying her usual attention to her grandmother's informative talk—this time about tapestries.

I followed Elizabeth's eyes and saw, across the room, three tall Guardsmen in their khaki uniforms.

Princess Elizabeth was watching them intently, with that fascinated concentration a more modern child might bestow on a visiting film star. She never ceased watching them during the whole tour we made of the exhibition.

The Queen was always very gentle with the children. She would always take a great interest in their day's doings,

and greeted them with a "well, darlings, and what have you seen to-day?"

This time Princess Elizabeth wasted no time on repeating the lore about tapestry which Queen Mary had passed on to us. Instead, she ran to her mother and hugged her, saying: "Oh Mummy, Mummy. There were three soldiers there!"

In this story I have tried to show something of the personality of Princess Elizabeth as a girl and as a woman, and it has been necessary to speak of her ways, her interests, her hopes and aspirations.

All we see of her now, as wife and mother, and as a personage of the highest distinction, and all that we have seen of her childhood and upbringing, must be considered in relation to her great role in history.

So it is very meet and right, and our bounden duty that we should take thought for the day when Princess Elizabeth will ascend her father's throne. For her as for all of us, joy will be mingled with sadness.

For the heir of the Throne, as for no other person on earth, private grief must be swallowed up in the office and the task, and must be merged in the continuity of the monarchy.

The girl I watched growing to womanhood has come to know that she will, I am sure, face it with the courage with which she faces all crises.

We British people have for many generations been fortunate in our Royal women. They have served us well, and we in turn have given them devotion.

But never before has power been invested in such a human personality as Princess Elizabeth.

I think it is safe to quote a distinguished South African who said, after observing Princess Elizabeth throughout the Royal Family's tour of the Dominion:

"If there are still Queens when she comes to inherit the Throne, I think she will make the greatest one of all..."

● This is the final instalment of Marion Crawford's latest book, in which she gives more intimate glimpses of Princess Elizabeth, who next year with her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, will make a State tour of Australia.

and Andrew Elphinstone. Then there was great delight.

Both the Elphinstones were excellent mimics and very full of boyish tricks. The little girls thought they were wonderful.

"I do wish we had a brother," Princess Elizabeth would sigh.

"Brothers have their drawbacks," I would point out.

"But how, how, Crawford?" she would insist. "What do you mean, drawbacks?"

"Well," I would answer, "they're inclined to be rough. And they tease a lot."

But nothing I could say would persuade her that a

from horseback before the Armada."

Many people made similar comments. But for Princess Elizabeth the main interest in the procession must have been her feeling that here at last was some concrete help she could give her father.

I have often commented on the strong sense of duty which animates her. Now, coupled with that compelling force, she has the urge to relieve her father of as much of his burden as she can.

Although the strain this places on her is obviously great, Princess Elizabeth has taken on these additional tasks





**BRIDE AND GROOM.** Ray Bowman and his bride, formerly May Bettington, leave St. Alban's, Muswellbrook. May is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Bettington, of Coolie, Merriwa. Ray is son of Mrs. Pierce Bowman, Muswellbrook, and the late Mr. Bowman.



**KISS FOR THE BRIDE.** Mrs. Ray Bowman, formerly May Bettington, receives a kiss from her little flower girl, Barbara Bell, at the reception held at the Denman Hall, Muswellbrook, after the wedding.

## Social Gittings



**KEEN PUNTERS.** Mr. and Mrs. Cline Carney, of Sydney, arrive together at Flemington for Oaks Day. Mrs. Carney, who came back from a trip abroad recently, wore an ensemble purchased in New York.



**BRIDAL ATTENDANTS.** Groomsman John Bell (left), bridesmaids Jacqueline Champneys and Honor Bowman, and best man John Gilder attended Ray Bowman and his bride. John Bell and Jacqueline recently announced their engagement.

**B**USY days are ahead for Alison Hoskins, who will be bridesmaid to two of her friends, Tempe Minter and Judy Stone, both soon to be married.

The first wedding is Tempe's, on December 14 at St. Mark's, Darling Point. She is the eldest daughter of the Mervyn Minters, of Bereana, Tumblong. Lots of country friends will come to Sydney to see her marry David Gordon, youngest son of Mr. James H. F. Gordon, of "Wirriwa," Bungendore. Tempe and David will live at "Wirriwa" after their wedding.

Alison is already having fittings for her bridesmaid's frock, getting in well ahead of Tempe's matron of honor, Mrs. Bill MacPhillamy, of Foster's Valley, Bathurst, and the other bridesmaid, Judy Allen, of Cooma, who have not come down to Sydney yet. But wedding dress and bridesmaids' frocks are being kept strictly secret until the day.

Wendy MacPhillamy, Alison, and Judy are planning a shower tea for Tempe at the Macquarie Club on December 6.



**DINING AND DANCING.** Visitors from England John Villiers and his wife, formerly "Teddy" Collins, of Launceston, Tasmania (centre), with "Teddy's" cousin, Rod O'Connor (right), and Betty Black (left) dine and dance in Melbourne during race week festivities. Rod was in Melbourne from his home, "Connorville," Cressy, Tasmania, which, it is expected, will be visited by Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh next year.



**ON GALATHEA.** Dr. Anton Bruun (left), leader of the Danish deep-sea expedition round the world, with Mrs. E. C. Rhodes, Captain Rhodes, Mrs. C. Bednall, and Captain S. Greve, who is captain of the Galathea, at an evening reception on board the ship.

**A**FTER Christmas, which Alison is planning to spend at her Wollongong home, the excitement of fittings and pre-wedding parties will begin all over again.

Judy's wedding is on February 23, and will take place at St. Michael's, in her home town, Wollongong. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Stone, and her fiancé is Russell Maule, only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. A. Maule, of Melbourne.

Another Wollongong lass, Barbara McLelland, will be Judy's second bridesmaid. Although Judy's plans for her wedding are still only in their early stages, she has chosen guipure lace for her own dress and green organza spotted with white for her bridesmaids.



**PLANNING FETE.** President of the Australian Mothercraft Society Council, Mrs. B. P. Anderson Stuart (right), and Mrs. L. Consett Stephen plan the Fun Fair, to be held this Saturday at the Society's Woolahra home.



**ATTRACTIVE TWOSOME.** Janet Young (right) and Jill Hotten discussed long-range plans for Janet's wedding next year when they lunched at the Pickwick Club. Janet, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Young, of Beauty Point, will marry Alan Treloar. Jill will be one of her bridesmaids.

**T**HRILLED as a new bride with her streamlined modern kitchen is Mrs. J. W. M. Eaton, wife of the new Flag-Officer Commanding the Australian Fleet, Rear-Admiral Eaton, who recently arrived from England to succeed Rear-Admiral J. A. S. Eccles. The Eatons and Mrs. Eaton's daughters, Jennifer and Saure Tatchell, are living in the lovely cream stone home formerly occupied by Commander T. K. Morrison and Mrs. Morrison, who are now in Melbourne. In England Mrs. Eaton cooked in an 800-year-old kitchen, complete with massive oak-beamed ceiling hung with smoked hams and bags of onions. It was in the stately, 14th century house, "Bourchiers Hall," owned by her mother, Mrs. W. H. Hortin, at the village of Tolleshunt-Darcy, Essex. Home of the first Earl of Essex, "Bourchiers Hall" grounds extend to the West Mersey marshes, made famous by Paul Gallico in his book, "The Snow Goose."

**G**REAT thrill for former Sydney woman Mrs. Dick Newton when, with Mrs. A. Silk, she won The Oaks at Flemington with their filly, Lady Havers. To celebrate, Thelma and Dick went to the Clifford Reids' party at Menzies and later to the Silks', who were celebrating at their home in Melbourne. Thelma looked charming in a brown tie-silk frock with tiny toque of leaf-green satin with brown veiling. A mink stole and brown accessories completed her ensemble.

**M**AGNOLIA faillie has been chosen by June Sutherland for her dress when she marries Donald Campbell, of Canberra, at St. Clement's, Mosman, this Saturday. June's sister, Mrs. Lorna Dunn, will be her matron of honor, and Donald's sister Isobel, Judith Alldritt, and Jean Beard will be bridesmaids. June is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Sutherland, of Mosman, and Donald is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Campbell, of Canberra. When June and Donald return from their honeymoon tour of the North Coast they will settle down in Canberra.

**C**ONGRATULATIONS for Dr. and Mrs. John Tyrer, of Roseville, on the birth of their first child, John Paul. Mrs. Tyrer was formerly Dr. Marion Morris, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Morris, of Bellevue Hill.

**B**RIEFLY: Country friends of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Rennix, of Bondi Junction, will be among guests at the wedding of their youngest daughter, Beryl, and Gordon Corkery, of Croydon Park, at the Holy Cross Church, Woolahra, on November 24. Newly engaged are Patricia Kingham, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Kingham, of Epping, and William Mackay, only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Mackay, of Wards River.

Anne



# Cool and crisp in cotton



● Sheer printed voile dress, above, was shown in the London Cotton Exhibition by Susan Small. The model has a shirred skirt and topless petal-shaped bodice.

● Generously skirted summertime party dress, above, is made in white organdie. Deep borders of self-frilling and narrow lace outline the bare-top bodice and full bell skirt.

● Jacques Fath uses white pique in the grand manner for the model above. Rick-rack braid trims the spreading skirt, and red roses and matching velvet ribbon the strapless bodice top.

● Printed cotton evening dress, right, is made over a stiffened foundation. The brief, strapless bodice has a starched bosom frill. The full skirt spreads below a well-fitted midriff section.





● White organdie trimmed with black velvet is the elegant combination in Jacques Fath's one-piece, left. Black velvet gloves and a matching velvet-trimmed hat complete the ensemble.

● Blue linen dress by Bruyere, right, has a charcoal-grey collar widening into a scarf caught under the belt. The skirt is finished with a fan of narrow pleats.

● Yellow linen one-piece, above, designed by Jacques Griffe, has contrast trim and large buttons in black-and-white pin-striped cotton. The model has a diagonal skirt and bodice closing.



# Worth Reporting

**SUPERIOR** Judge Mildred Lillie, who handles nearly 2000 divorce cases a month in a U.S. Domestic Relations Court, is reported, from New York, as listing these as the six worst sins of husbands:

1. Overindulgence in alcohol, because it disrupts family life, and induces infidelity, abuse, violence, and gambling.
2. Refusal to let wives handle money, with wives often ignorant of what husbands earn, and having no spending money of their own.
3. Tyrannical attitude towards the family, so that many wives are afraid to express an opinion lest they be told: "You don't know what you're talking about."
4. Refusal to assume home responsibilities, seen in leaving children's discipline, the house and furnishings, and budget worries entirely to wives.
5. Refusal to confide in wives on the ground that they "wouldn't understand anyway."
6. Leaving the home and family for entertainment.

**SEEDS** of a rare iris—*Onocycus*—have travelled a roundabout route to South Australia, where grower Royce Spinkston is watching their development.

The seeds were found in the Middle East on the banks of the River Jordan, taken to Scotland and handed over to the Royal Horticultural Society in Edinburgh. Some were given to the secretary of the Iris Society of England. From there, four seeds were airmailed to Mr. Spinkston.

## Square dancers are kept busy

**SQUARE-DANCE** champions, "The Denver Dudes," have been kept busy giving exhibitions since they won The Australian Women's Weekly £6000 Jubilee Square Dance Contest in August.

Many of their exhibitions have been for charity functions, particularly Legacy. On November 14 they danced at the square dance at Paddington (N.S.W.) Town Hall arranged by the Combined Torchbearers for Legacy's War Orphans.

The team's captain, Harry Cohen, is generally the caller, and his place as a dancer has been taken by young accountant John Sheahan.

The youngest girl in the team, Marie Weston, aged 18, has left, and the reserve, Kath Pollock, has taken her place.

"We never tire of dancing," Harry said. "Each week we practise one night and attend square dances on two other nights. It is a year this month since we first learnt the dance."

"Now we are looking for a hall so that we can teach others. You can't learn the steps at a dance, and for that reason many people give up after their first try. We want to do everything we can to increase the popularity of square dancing in Australia."

## Reach-me-downs for Princess

**SOME** of Princess Anne's little coats shown in photographs buttoned over to the right, masculine fashion, aren't intended to set a new style, a London correspondent tells us. They are Prince Charles' reach-me-downs.

In dressing her daughter in clothes originally made for Prince Charles, Princess Elizabeth is following her mother's practice.

When the Queen's daughters were small, Princess Elizabeth's outgrown frocks and coats were regularly passed on to Princess Margaret.

Finally some of the more expensive and scarcely worn ensembles were sent to the Duchess of Kent for Princess Alexandra.

Queen Mary, who takes such an interest in all the younger members of the Royal Family, recently chanced on some hardwearing blue linen material in a West End store.

"It will be splendid for shorts for Charles," said Queen Mary. "It's the sort of stuff that won't need mending every night."

## Promising pianist to go abroad

**JOY** CROSS, 21, the first girl to win The Australian Women's Weekly Piano Scholarship at the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, plans to leave for England next year to study with the famous pianist Solomon.

In addition to the £150 prize for The Australian Women's Weekly scholarship, she won the City of Sydney open piano contest for the Beatrice Lange award of 60 guineas and the State Arts Committee Jubilee award of £20 for playing an Australian composition.

Last year Joy was an N.S.W. finalist in the A.B.C. Concerto and Vocal Competition and played with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra under Eugene Goossens.

"That was the biggest thrill I had ever had until recently when I was told that I would play again with the orchestra on November 23 over the A.B.C.," Joy said.

Joy practises at least seven hours a day.

**THE** average girl needs six to eight pairs of shoes a season, including cocktail and evening shoes, according to Edward Rayne, the Queen's shoemaker, who recently visited Australia.

He says there is a strong tendency for women to buy one pair of comfortable shoes and wear them to death, or to buy hurriedly and not get the exact fitting.

Mr. Rayne said Australian women appeared to have slightly smaller feet than Englishwomen, whose average size increased a little during the war when they had to walk more.

## Round the world with a tape measure

**IT'S** Miss Eileen Gray's job to measure female figures, and she is quoted by a London correspondent as saying that women come in five sizes the world over.

Twenty-eight-year-old Miss Gray, of Sydney, has spent the past four years travelling the world collecting data for foundation - garment manufacturers. She is at present braiding her tape measure in Britain.

"My colleagues and I found that 65 per cent. of women have 34-inch busts, 26-inch waists, and 36 to 37-inch hips, or are in direct proportion to these measurements," she says.

"The average woman in Britain carries herself worse than the average woman in any other country."

Miss Gray's statistics show that Australians are more sturdily built than European women, while Sweden has most of the mannequin-type figure with bust and hips equal at 36 inches.

"Parisienne can give an example in deportment to women everywhere," adds Miss Gray.

"They are taught that a woman's mission in life is to be beautiful, and they learn deportment from infancy."

**NEWEST** American parlor game is to count the crinoline petticoats girls are wearing, writes a correspondent in New York.

At a recent party, designer Bonnie Cashin was wearing four petticoats; clothes buyer Jean Saxon had five, model Carmen del Orifice six, and fashion editor Betty Downey seven.

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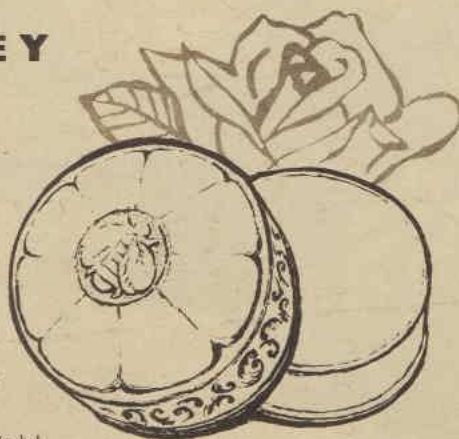
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# Wear a veil

● A veil is the newest and most glamorous trim in millinery fashions. It can be a brief visor in wide mesh or sheer as tulle, worn to cover the face.



● Fine mesh for the face-and-hat-covering veil, above, worn with a bright spring sailor. The veil ties in a bow at the nape of the neck. Model by Laurel, of New York

★

● Unusual visor veil, right, worn with a satin turban, is shaped to cover the eyes and nose and show the forehead.



● Sheer navy-dotted veil, above, adds glamor to a scarlet, wide-brimmed sailor. The hat is worn tilted slightly forward. Model by Walter Marks, of New York.

★

● Sequin-trimmed, wide-meshed black eye veil, left, is worn with a chic little high-crowned sailor. The hat is worn to show the forehead.



● The "bandage" eye veil in coarse mesh is a new and flattering after-dark fashion. The veil is just wide enough to cover the wearer's eyes and eyebrows.



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WHEN Tom Lindsay had returned to Levenford, even then beset by the business troubles which were increasingly to torment him, his grim, forbidding face deterred even the most presumptuous questioners.

Nevertheless, in a town like Levenford, the matter had not long remained a mystery.

It had all weighed heavily on Daniel. But now, walking with a rapt face under the faint twilight stars, he saw at last the chance to right an infamous and long enduring wrong. At that moment the hand of Providence had never seemed more real to him. And in his breast, fanned by a rising exaltation, there was kindled the fire of a great endeavor.

He reached his house, a small red sandstone villa at the end of the Toll Road and stood for a minute in his tiny, perfect garden, one of his few earthly vanities, where around the trim lawn the neat beds of primulas, snapdragons and calceolarias had already begun to bloom.

He breathed deeply once or twice then, wiping his shoes carefully—Kate, his wife, forbade the slightest mark upon her spotless linoleum; indeed, in winter she made him remove his boots before entering—he went in. His heart was beating faster than usual, with a sense of expectancy and suspense.

Yes, it was there, on the table, where his tea, as usual, was set out, a rice-paper letter with the India postmark, and Kate, as usual, had opened it. Inquiringly he gazed towards his wife as she stood, in troubled fashion, pushing back a lock of her hair.

She was a grey woman, four years Daniel's senior, and prematurely faded to neutral tints. Her brow was good, even generous, despite the furrow which disappointments and frustrations had planted between her eyes, but the lower part of her face, the thin nostrils and the indrawn mouth, had been shaped by weariness and secret strife.

Her dress, cut from a remnant and made by herself on the treadle sewing-machine that now stood shrouded by the window, was of homespun, old and drably grey, held together, or so it seemed, by the enormous cairngorm brooch planted in the centre of Kate's bosom.

This brooch, which opened behind, disclosing a plaited relic of her grandmother's hair, was a solemn family heirloom, and, save for her wedding ring, Kate's sole article of jewellery. Somehow it seemed to emphasise the pathetic flatness of the barren bosom on which it rested.

"Kate," Daniel said at last, "she is coming back?"

Slowly she nodded.

"We'll have her here?" He spoke quickly, as though fearful of her decision.

"Yes, Daniel, we must have her here. And she'll be welcome, too." Kate hesitated; then, in a low tone, added: "But, oh, I hope . . . in these

## Gracie Lindsay

Continued from page 17

years . . . she has learned to behave."

Soberly she came forward and began to pour his tea.

Daniel's heart swelled within him, though he gave no reply. He wondered only how he would live through the intervening time, until Gracie arrived.

But at length Saturday came, and it was a brisk, fresh day, with sunshine in the air and woolly puffs of cloud tumbling gaily across the blue sky.

From a long way away, it was possible to make out the sheep moving high upon the Winton Hills and to the west, where a little tugboat stood far out on the choppy water of the Firth, you could clearly read the number on her bright vermilion funnel. A lovely day for Gracie's homecoming!

Daniel and Kate were at the station early, twenty minutes before the ten o'clock train was due. Kate wore her new black dress and Daniel his Sunday

She kissed Kate's cheek, then Daniel's, clinging to him for a moment. She was so little changed, the shock of it was so startling. Daniel felt his eyes grow dim. Perhaps she was more fragile than before. Yet she had always had that quality—and now her black intensified it.

Her small, pale face was still alive and bright and she had the same trick of pointing her chin, as if in animated inquiry of life. Her thick, brown hair had the same quick reddish lights in it. Her eyes, of the unforgettable red-brown tinge, could still smile beneath their tears.

She was laughing and crying both, now, on her way to the cab which Daniel, pale and flustered, had summoned at the station archway. Mastering his feelings, for he felt the seasoned eye of the jarvie fastened curiously upon him, Daniel saw the luggage stowed, while Kate and Gracie stepped inside. A moment later he joined them and they were off.

As they bowed along, impulsively Gracie yielded a hand to each of them, sitting a little forward, her gaze fixed through the open window, tender and entranced.

Each familiar object drew from her parted lips that same sound of recognition—the Borough Hall, the Library, the grey-stone front of the Academy—yes, even Luckie Logan's candy-shop, where as a child she had bought her "sweeties," all had their part in the ecstasy of her return.

There was nothing beautiful, certainly, in the architecture of these edifices—they were small and weather-stained, beneath the cold slate roofs to a bleak and dreary grey—yet for Gracie they had a rare appeal, the warm salutation of dear, familiar friends.

The absence of change particularly excited her. The smell of hot rolls drifting out from Carrick's bakehouse sent a tiny shiver through her body.

"It's all the same as ever," she kept whispering in between. "And, oh, it's so good to be back."

Gracie was always like that: acutely sensitive to the most delicate impression. A blink of sunlight on the muddy water of the Common Pond would make her stand, catching her breath; a whiff of autumn wood smoke would set her dreaming all the afternoon. And now, the supreme emotion of her return was catching at her throat with suffocating intensity.

As they turned down Church Street and came to David Murray's office she gave a little gasp and pressed Daniel's hand.

"Look! Look! I believe I see Davie at the window. Oh, Aunt Kate, can I stop and have a word with Davie? It's like a hundred years since I last caught sight of him."

Please turn to page 41



"Thirty hours and 11 bushels—huh? Gee, maybe we'd better ring up Marcia and see what HER father got."

suit. Turning the whole thing over in his mind as they marched in silence along Station Road, Daniel told himself, with a full heart, that Kate had been splendid.

The spare bedroom, an airy, pleasant room facing to the front, was now actually referred to as Gracie's room, and Kate's preparations there had been heroic. Muslin curtains had been hung, the furniture shifted to fresh positions, a new bedside rug laid on the floor.

The wait was agitating, but at last came a whistle and a flying pennant of steam and the train pounded round the bend into the station. Doors flung open, a few everyday people stepped out, yawning and folding newspapers, and then, quite suddenly and simply, Gracie herself was on the platform, so real, so undeniably home at last, that Daniel's heart stood still.

For a moment she remained poised, vividly outlined against the drab background of the train, her gaze going hither and thither uncertainly, expectantly. All at once she saw them. Her eyes lit up and with a little cry of rapture she ran forward, both her hands outstretched, too overcome even to attempt to speak.



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## KATE'S expression was a study. Murray's clear-cut shadowed features were indeed visible, as he watched, almost covertly it seemed, from behind the curtain window.

"I don't think we'll stop just now. You must be tired after your long journey."

"But I'm not the least tired," Gracie replied, with eager eyes. Kate managed a smile. "There's so many people about, my dear. You wouldn't want them to see you running into David Murray's office the minute you were home."

Gracie opened her lips to protest, then closed them. Perhaps Aunt Kate was right. She must not be impatient. With a sigh she relaxed and sat back, conscious, though uncaring, of the fact that curious eyes were watching the passage of the cab through the town, that heads turned, tongues wagged, and nods were interchanged.

James Stott, butcher and acting Provost of the borough, swathed in his blue-and-white apron and suitably hung with steel, was hooking a half bullock at the door of his establishment and passing the time of day with apothecary Hay. At the sight of the cab Hay rubbed his hands together until the knuckles cracked.

"Well," he said dryly, "there she goes, Provost."

Stott took up the druggist's ironic tone. "It's a handsome equipage," he remarked, with a satiric eye on the dilapidated four-wheeler. "I suppose you would call it a return in state."

And the Reverend Douglas Mowat, minister of the parish, walking down Church Street with his wife, while avoiding all comment, infused his portly person with an air of righteous reproach.

At last, however, the cab reached the Toll Road and Gracie entered Daniel's house enveloped by a sweet haze. Those seven years in India had been hard in many ways for her to bear, yet now that she was here they became obliterated, almost as if they had never been at all. Levenford was her home; she had never wished to leave it.

After lunch, at which she ate but little, she produced her presents—a fine Kashmir shawl for Kate, and for Daniel a set of brushes with carved ivory from Cawnpore. Then, taking Daniel's arm, she drew him to the little garden and they began to pace the lawn.

A note of charming earnestness mingled with her vivacity and mistled her lovely eyes as she said impulsively: "Dear Uncle Dan, your welcome means so much to me. It gives me new hope and confidence."

She was silent, then, sensing his silent sympathy from the touch of his fingers on her sleeve, she continued: "I am not well off—not one of those rich widows one reads of. Oh, I daresay I shall have a pension from the Company, but only a small one. I may have to earn my living. And I want so much to do something useful."

## Gracie Lindsay

Continued from page 40

She gave him a little intimate smile. "You don't know how wasted these last years have been. I'm not blaming Nisbet; he was decent to me, poor man. But I never really belonged out there. This is where I belong, Uncle Dan, and now that I'm back I want to make a real future for myself."

He was deeply moved, and although he had not expected to broach the vital subject upon his mind so early as this, the opportunity which she had given him seemed too favorable to miss.

"Gracie," He pressed her arm. "Your happiness means everything to me. And because of that . . . there's something I've long wanted to speak of . . ." He hesitated nervously. "Oh, I hope this won't be too painful for you."

"Of course not." She gave him a puzzled, questioning smile.

There was a pause. He gathered all his courage. "Then . . . it's about your child, Gracie."



"She went dancing with a sick friend, or something."

He did not glance towards her face, yet he felt her figure, moving slightly beside him, stiffen slightly. After a long silence, which grew almost to be oppressive, she answered in a strained and altered voice: "I had hoped that episode was forgotten."

"It is, it is, Gracie . . . so far as any blame is concerned." He spoke hurriedly, fearful that she should misunderstand him. "If there was a fault in the first place, then it was Henry Woodburn's. But when he was taken, Gracie, the responsibility for that young life was yours."

She drew up and faced him with trembling lip and liquid eye.

"I scarcely expected this from you, Uncle Dan. The moment I arrive. Don't you realise how hard it was for me? Father was like a man out of his mind. Nisbet would not have me with an encumbrance. I was too worn out to resist. Besides, I felt it would be better for the child to be brought up on that farm, near Perth, where my father put him, with the Langa, good country people . . ."

"Yes, yes, my dear . . . Daniel soothed her. "It was difficult, but now you have the chance to put all that right."

"It was put right," she answered rigidly. "Isn't it best kept right by leaving it as it is?"

"No, no," he protested. "You have a moral obligation, Gracie. And it isn't only a question of that, but of your happiness, and the happiness of your little son."

"He is happy where he is, I fancy." And she added, with a touch of bitterness, "He would not know me if he saw me."

Daniel shook his head firmly. "I tell you, Gracie, your life will never be complete until you take him back."

Again there was a long, a heavy silence. His last words seemed to have moved her. She gazed at him doubtfully. "Do you really think so, Uncle Dan?"

"I do, indeed."

"But don't you see . . ." She stopped, colored, but forced herself to go on. "I have no true feeling for him. I was forced to put him away, to forget him. It is like a part of me that is dead. How could he come back to me now . . . and love me?"

"Who wouldn't love you, my dear?"

There was a pause. Despite herself, a wave of sentiment surged over Gracie. She gave a deep, involuntary sigh. This proposal, so contrary to the plans which she had made, was upsetting and unforeseen.

"We must think it over," she said slowly. Then, all at once, she smiled, her lovely winning smile, and pressed her cheek against his shoulder as though overcome, once again, by the enchantment of her surroundings. "Oh, my dearest Uncle Dan, you are so sweet, so kind, and I am happy to be with you again."

I feel as though I'd never been away. As though life were just beginning for me . . ."

When Daniel departed for the studio, Gracie rested in her room—despite her denial the journey had fatigued her—and towards late afternoon she fell into a light sleep. But in the evening the sound of voices drew her downstairs.

Refreshed, wearing a soft gown with lace about the throat, she entered the parlor, where, seated before the fireplace—now filled by a pot of spiraea—engaged in their weekly game of draughts, were Daniel and apothecary Hay.

Gracie smiled and greeted the druggist, then seated herself on the revolving piano stool, to watch the progress of the game. Somehow, from her presence, the atmosphere of the stuff Scots parlor, with its formidable mahogany, its horsehair upholstery, its Highland cattle lowering from maroon walls, seemed to brighten.

Please turn to page 48

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**TEENA** Linda Terry



I KNEW ALL ALONG IT WAS MERELY A MATTER OF WAITING FOR HIM TO GROW UP... AFTER ALL, MEN ARE SUCH CHILDREN... I MEAN, NOW THAT HE'S MATURE ENOUGH TO BE INTERESTED IN GIRLS, HE COULDN'T HELP BUT APPRECIATE MY STEADFAST DEVOTION...



## As I read the Stars

By  
**EVE HILLIARD**

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): With the best of intentions you may start out full of enthusiasm, only to be criticised and completely misunderstood. Mark time and await events.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20): An excellent week ahead in all departments, except for November 21, when you are likely to strike a snag. The hold-up should be merely temporary. November 23 and 26 favor action.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): Personality plus is the keynote. Gemini can always be depended upon to turn on the charm when necessary. A freak set of circumstances on November 23 may put you in a state of perpetual motion.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): Taking life seriously this week? Busy as a bee, and anxious to make the grade in connection with more than one project, you may find November 21 troublesome, but November 24 will be favorable.

**LEO** (July 23-August 22): Avoid hasty action on November 21. Take any news received with a grain of salt. Be venturesome on November 24, when the prize can be won only by those who enter the race.

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 23): It all depends on how tough you can be. If willing to deal with people or factors hindering your progress, November 23 and 26 could be rewarding.

**LIBRA** (September 24-October 23): A renewal of energy and a zest for living should make November 23 outstanding. Short journeys, news, correspondence, or interviews are likely to advance your interests. Relax on November 25.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-November 22): Push social activity into the background this week and concentrate on business affairs. Buying and selling, exchange of services, or attempts at a faster pay-envelope should succeed November 21 to 27.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 20): Fine for making new business or social contacts, for standing for office in any organisation, and for any little windfall which you didn't expect.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-January 19): Your prestige is rising; any attempt to undermine it springs from jealousy. Discretion on November 25 will be rewarded.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 19): Move around all you can on November 23. Be among those present, keep your ears open, and you'll hear something to your advantage.

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): A rift in the lute? Your best friend shows a side you didn't suspect? Hold steadily on your course. Money matters should flourish on November 23.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

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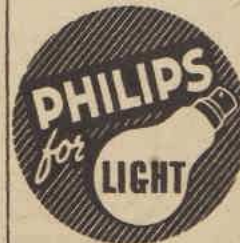
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# DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● The strapless dress is high fashion for summer party-goers, and I suggest one in answer to the reader's query below.

"DO you think a length of floral print suitable for a summer dance dress made with a short skirt? If so, please sketch me a style. Would an applique trimming on the bodice be suitable? I make all my clothes and am good at handwork. My age is 20 years. I am 5ft. 4in., a bit flat-chested, but have a small waistline."

Prints are here again for summer, and I can't think of anything nicer for a party dress. The design is sketched at right. The bodice top is strapless and appliqued with two flower motifs cut from the dress material. The flowers are strategically placed to flatter your bustline. The skirt has width, and is worn over a crinoline petticoat to "bell" it out. For this design your slim waistline will be a definite asset.



FLOWERED print for a bare-top party dress with applique bodice trim.

## Christmas at beach

"SOME friends at the seaside have asked me to spend Christmas with them. We will be a house-party of youngish people. What clothes should I take with me?"

Take a swimsuit, of course, two if possible, and shorts for day wear before you put on a pretty cotton dress for im-

promptu gatherings in the evening. For the dress, I suggest a printed cotton made mid-calf-length, with a wide skirt, bare top, and self-fabric shawl. By the way, shorts are being worn very short this season and are seen with varied tops. The "middy" or tunic-type, worn belted or unbelted, is the most popular.

## A pyramid coat

"WHAT kind of spring-into-summer outfit do you recommend for a woman of fifty-odd? My figure is no longer slim. I generally design my clothes, but feel that this season the fashions are so varied I need your advice."

Right in current fashion is the dress-coat ensemble, an outfit that is ideal for disguising minor figure faults. It is also perfect for a woman of your age bracket, and is not an extravagant fashion because one coat can be worn over a number of dresses. The variety of coat fashions has never been greater, but for you I suggest a pyramid, which actually isn't a pyramid any more, because it's slimmed down back and front, yet has sufficient generous fullness to be kind to the figure.

## The bell skirt

"ARE full skirts fashionable for the street? I have read a good deal about the "bell" silhouette, but have only seen it described with full-length formal frocks. I would be grateful if you could give me this information as soon as possible, as I am having a new dress made for Christmas."

The wider hemline for both day and evening wear is an incoming fashion and one that was established in the Paris autumn dress collections. The "bell" has already become an important term in fashion vocabulary. French designer Fath does very full bell skirts with an arched hipline. Lanvin's are smooth -hipped. Desses designs gently flared styles. Yes, I think you can safely have your new dress made with skirt fullness.

## New skirt length

"DO you think a skirt measuring 16 inches from the ground would be too short for a tailored suit?"

Yes, I think it would be a shade too short, but measurements depend to some extent on the wearer's taste and proportions. In Paris extremely short skirts have disappeared. Parisiennes are now wearing their daytime skirts about 14 inches from the ground.

## Incoming fashion

"MY daughter is having a morning wedding shortly and I am searching for a dress for the occasion. I have a piece of good silk taffeta in a nice shade of pinky beige. I am 50, with a slim but mature figure, with a fresh complexion and dark hair. The frock will be used later for day wear."

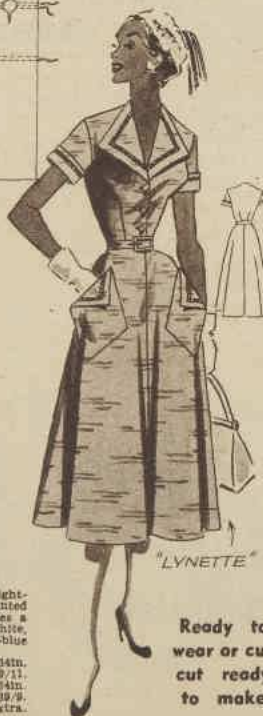
Have your silk taffeta made into a coat-dress. This design flatters a mature figure, and, as well as being comfortable to wear, is smart for most occasions. For you I suggest a double-breasted bodice fastening, horseshoe neckline finished with a collar, and three-quarter-length cuffed sleeves. The skirt should have a rather wide hemline, either flared or circular. The wider skirt is a coming fashion.

● If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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## MRS. MORTON

replied by air mail. "Darling," she wrote, "if you are I can't imagine where you get it from. Not your father, and—most certainly not from me. In fact, if you want to know—however, perhaps least said is soonest mended."

So Christmas came and went. Mrs. Morton wrote: "Darling. The blizzard has been frightful. A chimney gone from the cottage, the roads are like ice, never, never mention in my presence those sickening words Fuel Cut. Ulick is devoted beyond words. I am sure you will like him, darling. He looks very like one of the Pirates of Penzance, and has all that je ne sais quoi common to sailors."

When next he got a letter it was from Cheeky, who wrote that the car had overturned on an icy patch, and it was a miracle that the damage was nothing worse than a broken arm.

"Still," wrote Cheeky, "your mother—and a broken arm. Just now, of all times, when she had cleared the decks for action, and was embarking on the spring cleaning. I am trying to engage a nice, sensible girl of some kind to look after her down here, so that I can see to the business, but I do think it would be nice if you could get compassionate leave and come home."

It would be an amazing thing if, after he had sought the wide world through in vain, Cheeky ended by producing exactly what he wanted.

He applied for leave. He was extremely fond of his mother, though he could not always fall in with her plans. He knew what the spring cleaning meant to her. He could never find anything he wanted for months after it, but he made the best of that, deciding that it was good for his soul.

He decided to say nothing to anyone, fly home, and give her a lovely surprise.

England was knee-deep in slush. Peter managed, after much scouting around in a taxi, to get a cyclamen in a pot and a bunch of white lilac for what in other days he would have paid for a suit.

He arrived at the cottage towards sunset. He went to the back door, not wishing to spoil the surprise by ringing the front door bell in the usual manner.

He saw a tall girl with neat, sleek hair coiled in a plait about her head. All he had ever asked for, all that he prayed for. She was bent over the electric carpet-sweeper, and her face was hidden in the shadow, but Peter could not help a sudden wild feeling that he was really home at last.

The picture changed. In came a man. He took the machine from her, and with a swift, natty twist achieved what Peter himself never managed without a fight to the death—he emptied the bag, and put it back where it belonged, as if it were nothing. They seemed to be laughing gaily together, and Peter's first hopes, if they did not fade, wilted a little.

He had never seen the man before, but for all that he was somehow sickeningly familiar. Peter stole through the kitchen, not anxious to introduce himself until he had put his parcels down, for no man can do himself justice with his arms full of pots.

Mrs. Morton could not believe her luck. She embraced

## Bees and Honey

Continued from page 13

him as warmly as she could with one arm.

"Now, you positively must have some tea, you poor darling. You must be starving. I can't tell you what Cheeky has been to me lately. Just everything. Kept the business going. Cheered me through all."

"And apparently fixed you up with a very nice, sensible girl to look after you here?" said Peter, and waited for it, his heart thudding.

"A nice girl, dear?"

"In the kitchen."

"Darling, how absurd you are! That is Cheeky. You don't suppose a girl doing the spring cleaning looks anything like a girl in a beauty parlor, do you? Cheeky, come here at once! Peter has come and he didn't know you!"

"It was Peter, was it?" She held out her hand to him. "We thought it was someone hawking potted plants."

He was looking at Cheeky, the neat, neat Cheeky, lovelier than he had ever dreamed she could be. But his heart was heavy, because he knew he had found her only to lose her. He knew now who the man in the kitchen must be. Ulick, the Pirate of Penzance, of course.

That, thought Peter, admiring sadly his mother's descriptive powers, was why I recognised him at once.

## CHEEKY

brought tea, then departed on a sinister ritual he was well acquainted with, called doing-out the cupboards. You take everything out, stand it on the floor, then put it back again. What it was for, he had never fathomed.

Excited by his arrival and the flowers, his mother talked so fast he simply could not follow her, so he did not try, but just sat back, gave her the willing ear, and thought his own sad thoughts.

Later he carried his tray out into the kitchen and started to wash up his own things.

Cheeky left the doing-out and came to help him.

"Poor Peter. You look quite bewildered," she said kindly.

"I am. You know how Mother talks."

"Oh, I do. I tried hard to get a kind, reliable girl to come and look after her, but there did not seem to be any of that kind left."

"So you found that, too," he said sadly.

"So I found a good business woman to see to the shops—there are any number of good business women going—and I came down here. After all, I understand her."

"Oh, Cheeky, why did I never realise before what I realise now?"

"Well, I can't tell you that, until you tell me what it is you realise now," said Cheeky reasonably.

He was an officer and a gentleman, and there were things he could not honorably do, such as making love to another man's girl. "Never mind. It does not matter," he said. "When are you going to be married?"

She looked at him and smiled, and he noted two beautiful dimples she had, which he never seemed to have seen before.

"Whenever it suits you," she said kindly.

Surely, he thought, this last

anguish was not to be his! Surely she was not going to ask him to give her away to the Pirate? He picked up the cup she had just dried, and in his wretchedness washed it all over again. It slid from his fingers. It broke on the flagged stone floor.

They bent to gather the pieces and as they straightened out their arms were round each other, their cheeks pressed together.

"Oh, Cheeky, darling, darling," he said brokenly. "Why didn't I know it was you I loved all along?"

"Goodness knows. I gave you enough hints," she said.

"But how was I to know you were really like this—I mean this was the essential you? And I find out too late."

"I don't know what you mean about too late. I'm not going to let you wriggle out of this, on any pretext you try to trump up."

"But you are engaged to the Pirate—I mean to Ulick. I saw him helping you. So handy with the what's-it bag."

"You're muddled. Even a sailor can't have two fiancées at once, and if only you had concentrated a little on all that your mother was saying to you—or at least some of it, darling, you would have realised that she is providing you with a stepfather."

"Mother!" he said, astounded, for somehow a man always finds it difficult to believe anyone could find his mother attractive. "So that was it. I'll own I've sometimes found her letters hard to follow and perhaps I did not always try as hard as I should. Oh, Cheeky, tell me it's true!"

"About Ulick? Of course it is. He is absolutely devoted and most—"

"Blow Ulick. Tell me it's true you love me."

"Didn't you know that I loved you, from the very first? I tried so hard, flying the usual signals. But I never seemed to make any headway. Oh, dear, I ought to get on with the spring cleaning."

"First, finish spring cleaning me of all my silly ideas," said Peter. "Promise me you will always stay like this. Promise me you will never go back to that other shape."

"Silly," said Cheeky, kissing him. "I always look like this at home."

"Then we must get a home as quickly as possible," he said. Ulick shot into the kitchen, said, "I say, by Jove," and shot out again.

There was a ring at the doorbell, and it was his luggage. From the doorway he turned, and there were Cheeky and his mother, side by side. He beamed at them.

"I suppose, Mother darling, that at long last you will give up that idiotic business of yours and settle down," said Peter later, when they went alone together.

Mrs. Morton began to temporise. "Well, darling, I don't think quite at once. You see, there are Ulick's children, and I thought I would keep on till their education is finished."

"He has children?"

"Darling, don't be silly. Sailors always have children. Anyway, taking the long view it seems best to carry on meantime. As a matter of fact, I'm thinking of opening another branch..."

(Copyright)



LOOKING up at the big man, the doctor said in the tone of one talking to a recalcitrant child, "Come now, there must be no more attempts at suicide or self-injury. This is quite the most infantile of all emotions, to try to project a hurt to another by inflicting it upon yourself. You understand this, don't you?"

Jimmy said, "Yes. Silly of me. Won't do it again." The doc. seemed a nice guy—the nicest he had encountered so far in their infernal prison. At least he looked clean. "Can I sit down?"

Dr. Soldessy said sharply, "No, you cannot. You are to remain standing. We are not on such terms yet."

From force of habit now, Jimmy did as he was told, because in the end it was easier. But he felt a kind of numb hurt in his breast.

Dr. Soldessy began: "Now, Mr. Race, tell me something of your efforts during the war. I understand you were a paratrooper. What were your duties?"

Jimmy thought: Oh, cringing, this guy, too. Well, he knew that routine by heart. He said, "I was a captain of paratroopers. We were dropped inside enemy lines."

"I see. For what purpose?"

"Reconnaissance, diversion, the cutting of telephone lines, bridges, and communications."

"Spying and sabotage, in other words."

Jimmy's legs were beginning to ache again. He thought dully, just like all the rest, and aloud he said wearily, "I was in uniform. I was fighting the same guys you were—I mean the Russians were."

"Do you really believe, Mr. Race, that it makes any difference what clothes you were wearing?"

Jimmy looked at him, bewildered. "I don't get you, doc," he said.

"Then let me put it this way: You could have been clad in a bathing suit or tennis flannels or in nothing at all at the time. But what you did was go behind enemy lines for the purpose of gathering information and destroying his property. The act itself still remains spying and sabotage. Is that not so?"

Well, the way the doc. was putting it, you had to admit that it did sound about right. He said, "I never thought about it that way, doc."

"You must think about it in this way, because it is the truth. Will you try to do so?"

Jimmy said, "Why, sure, doc., if you want me to." The doc. was pretty reasonable after all. He was only asking him to think and believe something that, now that he thought of it, was pretty obvious.

"If I let you lie down on this couch and sleep for an hour, will you concentrate on what you have just said and promise to repeat it to me when you wake up?"

"I'd do anything for a sleep, doc."

"Very well. Then you may do so."

When Jimmy's breathing was quiet and regular, Dr. Soldessy went to his desk, extracted a prepared hypodermic syringe, and administered it with such skill that Jimmy never even stirred.

It was the beginning of the interviews and the implanting of the fundamental concepts in the mind of the patient that

## Trial by Terror

Continued from page 9

were so important. Eventually the ideas and emotions grafted on to the personality of the patient at the moment of his greatest weakness would become a part of him and remain in his consciousness.

When the hour was up, Dr. Soldessy went over and shook Jimmy by the shoulder. "Very well. Wake up. Get up. Stand over there. Remember your promise to me. Now then. What were you in the war?"

There was a queer taste in Jimmy's mouth. He felt more tired and bewildered than ever, and there was no relying on the doc. He began to say, "I was a paratrooper, a jumper—" when Dr. Soldessy's voice beat through the numbness: "No... no! Remember what we agreed!"

It came back to Jimmy then, and he grinned foolishly. It was the idea they had worked out together that had so pleased the doc. he had let him sleep for an hour.

He said, "I was a spy and a saboteur."

"That's better. Repeat it, please."

"A spy and a saboteur."

"Good. Now tell me something about your profession. You were, I gather, a reporter for a newspaper, or several newspapers. Is that true?"

"Yes," Jimmy felt at ease. The doc. was regular after all.

"What are a reporter's duties in America?"

Jimmy stared. It was so hard for him to concentrate, had been for so long, ever since what had happened in Room 27. Aloud he said, "About the same as they are here in Hungary, I guess."

"I do not think so. The duties of a reporter in Hungary are to carry statements handed out by officials of the government to his newspaper and give them to his editor. Answer my question. What were your duties?"

Jimmy fumbled for the words, "Well... to get stories... facts, information about people or things that happened, find out and write them."

"Are the people about whom you are trying to get information of their private affairs always willing that you should have it?"

Jimmy thought about this for a moment. Of course, they didn't want you to come prying about into their business. What you got from them you had to worm, or steal, or force, buy it from someone else, or pick it up in spite of them. He felt that Dr. Soldessy would be amused to hear that, and he told it to him.

"In other words," said Dr. Soldessy, "in your country a reporter fulfils the function of a police spy in ours."

Again Jimmy stared at him. The doc. had a way of putting things so clearly that had never occurred to him before. He said, "Yes, I guess so, but it isn't quite that way. We only want to get a story to publish, so that people will know the truth."

"Remember what you have learned, Mr. Race. It is not the purpose, the circumstances or the results; it is the act itself. The actions you have been taught to perform and have been performing are those of a spy. Is that not so?"

"That's right."

This was the beginning of Jimmy's education to guilt, in which, his resistance lowered by fatigue and nerve strain, and his mind and judgment weakened by injections of the drug, he was brought slowly but certainly along the path to a point where he was no longer able to distinguish morally between the actions of a paid spy and his own purpose and action in entering Hungary.

Step by step, Soldessy led him to the conviction that he had committed acts of espionage and intended sabotage against a foreign government, with intent to harm that country to the advantage of his own. For the secrets he managed to pry from the Communists, published, or unpublished, had been successful, would have finished as a complete report to the Army, the President or the State Department in Washington.

Sometimes Dr. Soldessy's desired result was achieved by hectoring, bullying, and shouting when Jimmy was in such an agony of fatigue and physical exhaustion that he was ready and even eager to admit anything in order to obtain succor.

Please turn to page 46

Beauty in brief:

### Walk on easy feet

By CAROLYN EARLE

- Warm weather can be exasperating if your feet are a bother, so plan to give your legs and arches a lift by relaxing them wherever you can.

IF you are constantly on your feet, try pampering them by changing shoes two or three times a day. Only one extra pair of shoes is needed; if you normally wear high heels, make the change to lower heels if you can do so comfortably.

Allowing the feet to spread in shapeless footwear is a bad habit that can be tiring. The foot arch needs support, and shoe heels should always fit snugly.

Treat yourself to a warm-cold foot bath and massage your toes briskly with a bath towel to beat up sluggish circulation after a cramping day.

A dusting with boracic powder on the feet as well as in shoes is the old standby for perspiring feet.

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Obtainable only from chemists

## "Soaping" dulls hair—

Halo glorifies it!



Not a soap, not a cream—Halo cannot leave dulling soap film!

Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather—needs no special rinse!

Halo leaves hair soft, manageable—shining with colourful natural highlights!

Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily shampoos leaves dulling film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—America's favourite shampoo—today.

THE LARGEST SELLING SHAMPOO IN AMERICA AND AUSTRALIA

A COLGATE QUALITY PRODUCT



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

HAL/123

At other times the doctor achieved his effect by a quiet, friendly chat, the reward of a snooze on the couch, or a cigarette and a remark of the doctor's such as, "Surely you are aware, Mr. Race, that every patriotic man is a government agent when he is visiting a foreign country."

He was being trained, like an animal being put through a scientist's maze, to learn what things could win him a moment's respite from the daily routine of planned horrors. His subconscious learned much more quickly than his consciousness to traduce him and lead him along the paths to ease rather than resistance. Here was the real devilry of the pattern, for it led a man to the wholly unconscious betrayal of himself.

Still, somehow he managed to fight. There were moments of clarity when he was free of the drug, when the timetable and chart of his destruction was at variance with some sudden unsuspected recuperative power, and he saw the abyss into which he was toppling.

He would again deny the whole fantasy of spying, and then they would send him dangerously close to the line from which there would be no return with yet another trip to the horror of Room 27.

To let him savor fully his punishment, they would always tell him when they were going to take him there, and reduce him to weakness and whimpering. "Oh, don't do that to me again! Please don't do that to me again!"

There would come the slow, measured march between the guards up to the second floor and the horror of the entry, pushing and struggling into Room 27—the empty room with the single chair and the pail—for he was no longer able to cross that threshold of pain and terror of his own volition.

Then they would push him into the chair and tie him hand and foot, and when that was done, they would pick up the big galvanised-iron pail that stood beside the chair and put it over his head so that it came down to his shoulders and blotted out all sight.

And the last thing that he would hear clearly and recognise for many an hour was the footstep of the guards as they marched over to the corner where stood the broomsticks they used, and he heard them return, and their rustlings as they each took one, and then they began to bang with them on the pail.

And shortly after, the stabling agony of each blow, not one of which touched any part of him or did him external physical injury, was such that all that emerged from under the pail were inhuman bleatings, and sometimes even shrill screams torn from his lungs by the unbearable pain of the iron clangor, the hideous glockenspiel that battered against his eardrums, addled his brains, and filled his head with throbbing agony that increased in intensity all the time.

## Trial by Terror

Continued from page 45

When these sessions were brought to a close and the pail lifted from his head, what remained slumped in the chair was very little of the man that Jimmy Race had once been.

What they had all been expecting and fearing took place without warning late on a Wednesday afternoon towards the end of April. It was like a tableau. Nick, Suzy, and Dad entered the editorial office just as Mark Mosher came in on the opposite side from the news-ticker room, and there they stopped and stared across at one another, and work at the copy desk ceased.

Mark Mosher had a slip of press copy in his hands. His voice grated before he could settle it to say what he had to say. "They've broken Jimmy!"

Nick took the slip from Mosher's hand and read it:

"Budapest, April 27. Minister of Justice Andreas Ordj this afternoon announced that the trial of James Race, the American spy who was arrested a month ago when he attempted to enter Hungary illegally, will take place in the People's Court on May 1. The

Being young is a fault which improves daily.

—Swedish Proverb.

extreme penalty will be demanded by the State."

Suzy made an odd sound in her throat and turned and went out of the room.

Dad Lapham said quickly, "Where's Janet?"

Mitchell Connel said, "She's out getting cigarettes."

"Send her to me when she comes in. And don't let her know what's happened until I've talked to her."

Nick wondered what kind of moment it was for Suzy. He knew what it was for himself.

Mark Mosher said doubtfully, "Are we going to use it?"

Nick said briefly, "Certainly. We're still getting out a newspaper. Let me see the later copy when it comes in."

Mark asked, "Do we still keep on trying to find this guy?"

Before Nick could reply, Dad interjected, "You're right you do!"

Later, when he went to his office, Nick found Suzy walking up and down. She said, "Nick, I'm going to Vienna. I can get a plane out at seven o'clock. I may be able to learn something. We're at a dead end here. If we could find out his name. Or something more tangible about him. Somebody in Vienna may remember him."

Nick thought to himself: What a queer game people play to themselves when they're in love. I can't be honest and decent, and say to

her, "Go to him. Go to Budapest, if you can and most, so that you can perhaps lay eyes on him once more, so that you can be close to him when he dies because of the mistake in judgment that I made."

I can't and I won't say it. And so I'll go along with the fiction we have brought alive between us.

Aloud he said evenly: "All right, Suzy. It's worth trying. But be careful. Check in with G-Two when you get there. I'll wire Ed Fraser that you're coming."

"Don't," said Suzy. "I have friends and contacts there. Trust me. I'll keep out of trouble."

Nick nodded gloomily.

Jimmy Race was unable to keep his mind from wandering, and when that happened Professor Varolyas, who had been appointed his "teacher," would have to slap him smartly across the face, for these were Dr. Soldessy's instructions, in addition to other methods of keeping him tractable.

Professor Varolyas had been a teacher of rhetoric and public speaking in the University of Szeged before he had come to Budapest as a party member, and he sometimes made himself useful preparing accused prisoners for their trials.

"Come," said Professor Varolyas, and he slapped Jimmy in the face again, "pay me attention. Or do you wish me to show you the pail again?"

"You don't have to hit me," Jimmy said. "I want to do it right. I try to do it right, only sometimes I seem to forget and can't remember where I am."

Professor Varolyas actually enjoyed giving Jimmy those slaps, because Dr. Soldessy had told him it was now quite safe to do so.

"We have done a good job with him," Soldessy assured the professor, "and you need not be afraid."

Varolyas was a self-important, fussy mite of five-feet-three, with a bald head and a goatee, and Jimmy could have throttled him with one hand. But he never thought of doing so, because they were right and he was wrong, and nothing that happened to him was too bad to make up for the crime of espionage he had committed against an innocent people.

"Begin again," commanded Professor Varolyas. The "lessons" were conducted in Professor Varolyas' office in one of the buildings of the Andrássy Prison in the presence of the guard, and with Jimmy standing always, and never entirely out of the grip of either a scopolamine injection or of another drug with which they were experimenting.

Jimmy started slowly: "I arrived in Vienna on March 23 and immediately embarked upon my assignment to enter

## What makes a swimmer?

If you have short legs and a chunky build you will probably make a better distance swimmer than your long-legged, tall, slim sister.

This is because you have more fat under your skin—and thus float more effortlessly—and because your shorter legs haven't as much water resistance as long ones.

In sprint swimming, muscle power is more important than the ease with which you float. Muscle weighs more than fat and tends to make you sink.

Forbes Carlile, Australia's 1948 Olympic swimming coach, makes these points in an authoritative article, "What Makes a Swimmer?" in A.M. for November.

the Hungarian People's Republic for purposes of military spying and sabotage, intended to contribute to the overthrow of the Hungarian People's Government."

"Go on," said Professor Varolyas. "And look directly at me when you are speaking, as you will be looking at me in the Marko courtroom during the trial."

"I contacted a known criminal—an Austrian named Biosh—who led me to the Cafe Prater in the Cseringasse, where I paid over the sum of five hundred shillings to a Hungarian named Laszlo. I never knew his other name, but I was told he was engaged in the trade of smuggling persons in and out of Hungary."

"I went with Laszlo to another cafe, where I was introduced to a Captain Maroffy, the owner of a coal barge. I entered into an agreement with Captain Maroffy for him to conceal me in his barge when he left for Budapest the next morning. I paid him one thousand shillings."

Professor Varolyas nodded, "Good," he said. "You are doing well now. Continue."

Pleased with the professor's praise, Jimmy continued. The next morning I embarked aboard the barge Margaretta Insel, hoping thus to be conveyed down the Danube to Budapest, where I planned to go ashore, conceal myself, and proceed with my investigations.

"I was unaware that Captain Maroffy was an honest man and a patriot, and, horrified at my attempt to bribe him to sell out his country, had notified agents of the Hungarian People's police in Vienna, who placed two men aboard the barge unbeknownst to me. When I attempted illegally to go ashore in Budapest late that same evening they arrested me."

The professor said sharply, "Well?" and leaned over and struck Jimmy in the face.

Please turn to page 47

## Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





IT hurt Jimmy, not in his physical person, but in his soul, because he wanted so much to say it right and come to the part where he really confessed his guilt and his penitence for what he had done. He opened his mouth and tried, but no sound emerged.

Professor Varolyas spoke to the guard in Hungarian, and the man went over to an iron pail that stood in a corner of the office and began to beat its side with a desk ruler, and at once Jimmy began to shout and sob: "No... no... I can't stand it! You don't have to do that! I want to confess! Don't do that! I can remember it now!"

Professor Varolyas nodded, consulted a paper on his desk in front of him and said, "Now, from the prosecutor comes a question." He cleared his throat and intoned dramatically, "By whom were you sent on this mission?"

The heavily given cue started Jimmy off without any difficulty. "By the Intelligence Section, G-2, of the United States Army Staff Headquarters in Washington, D.C. I was to report the results of my investigations to Ambassador Vannaman, to furnish him with material as part of a plot to overthrow the Hungarian Government and seize power for the Western imperialists."

"My immediate superiors in detailing my assignment and sending me to Vienna to carry it out were Nicholas Strang, the editor of the European edition of the New York Standard, a former intelligence officer of the United States Army, and his—his—"

Jimmy stumbled to a halt.

Professor Varolyas looked up. There were impatience and anger in his bright, beady eyes. "Yes, yes. Go on. You know it well. His—"

Jimmy hesitatingly said, "His—"

once more, and then stopped dead. It always seemed to be like that, for some reason, when he reached this point and tried to speak Suzy's name, in spite of the fact that Doctor Soidessy had proved to him that she and Nick had conspired to trick him into going to Budapest to serve their own selfish ends.

The professor waited until he had calmed down and then

said, "Go on. From: Intelligence officer of the United States Army and his—"

"—wife, Suzanne Vincent Strang, a former member of the French underground resistance movement, and now a secret agent of the reactionaries plotting against the peace party of France," Jimmy continued.

His words rolled on automatically again, unhindered, as he detailed his crimes against the Hungarian State. And, as always then, his burden seemed somewhat lifted and he could look forward to the solace of being hanged, which would put an end to all that he suffered.

Suzy, who still had her status as correspondent with United States Army accreditation from her last visit to Vienna with Nick, went by Army car from the airport and checked in at the Bristol Hotel, which was reserved for high-ranking American officers and their guests.

She got in touch by telephone with the local Public Relations Officer, Captain Mannix, whom she knew, and arranged to have a wire sent to Nick which would not have to go through the Austrian post office, and hence Russian censorship, advising him of her safe arrival in the Viennese capital.

She talked with the portier and organised to have Jimmy's effects—which he had left behind—sent to her room, and also acquired the key of his car, which was still standing in the big Army parking lot. The engine started when she stepped on the button.

When she returned to her room, Jimmy's effects were there, his pack, his portable typewriter, a small hand trunk, a raincoat, and his briefcase. It seemed odd to be seeing Jimmy's luggage, but it brought her a kind of comfort, too, as though by taking his personal effects from the luggage room and keeping them with her, she had perhaps started a chain of events which somehow would force matters to the point where he might at any moment come stomping in to claim them.

It was now past midnight, but still she did not go to bed, but made a telephone call to a girl she knew—Anna Doschl,

who had married an Austrian and settled down to live in Vienna. Anna had been in the resistance with her in Paris and Lyons during the war.

Suzy said, "Anna, darling. It's Suzy Strang. I've just flown in for a little visit and to get some things. Will you go shopping with me to-morrow? And I want to go to church."

The girl at the other end of the telephone, wary at once, was careful to do no more than acquiesce in what Suzy proposed. "Suzy, dear. How wonderful. Of course. Shall we meet at the Stefans-dom tomorrow morning at ten? It will be so good to see you."

The next morning at ten, Suzy met Anna at the Stephansplatz entrance to the great and bomb-battered church that loomed above them.

By instinct, the two, experienced in the dangerous game they had played together in France, remained outside the church, chatting, while their eyes took in the people hurrying past and searched particularly for loiterers who might indicate that their telephone conversation had been tapped and that they were under surveillance.

There appeared to be none. They went inside the church and selected a pew well in the centre of the nave, but it was not only prayers that they whispered as they knelt there quite alone.

And Anna said in reply to what Suzy told her, "I must be so very careful, on account of my husband. It is very bad here. Much worse than it was under the Nazis. My husband had a brother who simply disappeared one day. We have never heard from him since."

Even in the gloom of the cathedral interior, Suzy could see the expression of fear in her eyes. Anna dropped her voice even lower and whispered, "In the Neuer Markt behind the Karntnerstrasse by the Donnerbrunnen, there is a fiacre stand. The driver of number 32. His name is Anton. He used to do contact for people who crossed."

Suzy walked into the Neuer Markt shortly after eleven, just as a sagging and dilapidated-looking carriage drawn by a single thin brown horse, turned in from the Schwangasse, circled the fountain and took its place on the end of the line. Suzy caught sight of the number 32 painted on the side lamps and hailed him.

The driver was an old man in a lumpy frock coat and battered silk hat; he had red-veined cheeks, deep-set, frosty eyes, and a tobacco-stained moustache. He tipped his hat and asked in German, "Yes, where does the gracious lady wish to go?"

"Just drive around the Ring," Suzy replied in her adequate German. "I want to see Vienna again."

"Ja, ja, fraulein. But there is not much left of our poor city." They set out, and against the clomp-clomp of the horse's hoofs and the rumble of the iron-rimmed wheels on the street surface, the noise of motor traffic and the shrilling of the traffic policemen's whistles, Suzy spoke without fear of being overheard. She talked clearly, forcefully, and explicitly to the back of the driver.

At no time did the driver turn round, and Suzy might

have been talking to a stone wall, until they had passed the university and the undamaged Votiv Kirche and turned into the Schottengasse, when he shifted his head to the right just sufficiently to let his words drift back to her.

"If Fraulein wishes to see the best view of Vienna, she should visit the Hochhaus for lunch on the terrace. It is Vienna's highest building. There is a waiter there named Max, an excellent fellow who can describe the view to you. His station is on the side towards the east looking out towards Hungary."

Slowly and carefully, he added, "He has the same number as this fiacre. If you mention this to him he will be pleased to serve you. If I drive you there now, you will be certain to be able to choose your table for lunch."

Suzy paid for a ticket to ride in the elevator to the top of the Hochhaus, Vienna's only skyscraper, an eighteen-story building with a dining terrace

*Intuition: the strange instinct that tells a woman she is right whether she is or not.*

—Ambrose Bierce.

that ran around the four sides. She walked round the terrace.

Beside the rail stood a waiter, a napkin over his arm. He was wearing a metal badge on his white coat with the number 32. Suzy stared at it just long enough for him to catch her glance, and then said, "This table will do, thank you," and sat down.

Waiter No. 32 delivered the strong consommé with the brown liver dumplings floating in it. He fussed about the table, moving the bread basket, the salt and pepper, extra utensils.

"Madame is a tourist?" he asked in French.

Suzy said, "Yes. I have just been seeing the sights of Vienna in a fiacre with the same number as yours, oddly enough."

The expression on No. 32 did not change. He said, "The view from here is superb; there is none better in Vienna. Do you see those hills rising there in the distance beyond the Danube? That is Hungary."

Suzy said, "I should like to be able to go there. I have a few friends there."

After the main course, Waiter No. 32 said, "Madame desires a sweet?"

"What is good? Something Viennese. What do you recommend?"

"The Hochhaus is not noted for its pastries. If I might make a suggestion, madame might enjoy going to a Konditorei nearby for her coffee and sweet. Konditorei Schump. It is famous for its Sacher and Dobos Torte."

"Where is it?"

"If madame will permit, I will write down the address for her."

He went away and returned with her bill and a small slip of folded paper on which was written "Konditorei Schump, Wildpret-Markt, Numero 2A."

"It is a small place just back of the Peters-Kirche," he said, "not far from here. Only Frau Schump and a waitress,

but she does all her own baking... if you care for Viennese specialties."

There had to be, Suzy knew, a carefully linked chain that could be broken anywhere on its way to the top without endangering those too close to either side of it.

Now she was wondering only how complicated was the system that led to the organisation that dealt with spurring Hungarian refugees from Communism out of the country and how many posts she would have to visit before she encountered someone of sufficient weight and authority to help her find what she wanted to know.

Finally the chain brought her to a Hungarian restaurant in the Russian sector of the city, a dingy, uncomfortable place where she felt afraid for the first time, but there she apparently passed her most severe test, for she was then sent to interview a perfectly preposterous man in leather shorts, a Tyrolean shirt and big, floppy hat.

He was Baron Willy von Starlem, and after many questions, which she answered to the best of her ability, he said, "You ought to go to the Villa Thalia. I am very much surprised that you did not go there in the first place."

"How could I have," Suzy replied, "when I never heard of it before and don't know where it is?"

"Now that surprises me even more," said the baron. "I thought everybody knew about the Villa Thalia, including the Czechs, the Hungarians, and the Russians. It's quite silly, you know, that the little ones should have to hide behind false names and code numbers, while everybody knows where the big fish are."

After this slightly ambiguous statement, he sighed deeply, and said, "Very well. Then I shall have to take you there. I see you have the car of that unfortunate young man who is languishing in prison in Budapest and will shortly be hanged. We will park it somewhere and engage some less conspicuous conveyance."

Suzy felt like a small and not very bright child. She waited downstairs outside his flat while he changed his clothes, then they got rid of the car at the garage, and engaged a hire car at the Bristol for the evening.

The baron first insisted upon taking Suzy to the Kursaal, an enormous outdoor restaurant with terraces on three levels, set in a small park off the Schubert-Ring, because he explained to her that all the spies in Vienna gathered there during the cocktail hour, and that if he remained away it would cause comment.

Shortly after ten o'clock, the baron said, "Well," and pulled his bulk together. They got into the car, and the baron gave the driver an address that lay somewhere in the hills, though still nominally inside the city limits of Vienna and in the American zone.

It was too dark for Suzy to distinguish more than a large-pillared and white-painted house with a red-tiled roof, located behind an iron fence at which an American military policeman stood guard. He examined the baron's credentials by flashlight and passed them on through.

REACHING the portal of the villa, the baron yanked an old-fashioned bell-pull, which disturbed the night with its jangling, and another MP opened the door, which the baron filled with his bulk, blotting out the lighted interior from Suzy's view.

But she heard an American voice that sounded vaguely familiar say, "Hello, baron. What's cookin'? You here on that Arvazy deal? They won't be ready to move on that until Thursday. They haven't got that mine field located yet south of Magyarovar. Come in, come in! ... Well, Suzy!"

The last exclamation was the result of the baron's unblocking the doorway and revealing Suzy behind him—a not too happy Suzy. For she recognised the tall, uniformed man with the major's leaf at his shirt collar and the short-cropped blond hair as Ed Fraser, the G-2 major she and Nick both knew from previous visits to Vienna, and a former associate of Nick's in the war.

He said, "Suzy, I don't get it. How did you run into the baron? Do you know him?"

Baron Starlem said, "The hard way. Through Channel Thirty-two."

Suzy said contritely, "I'm sorry. I didn't know. Nick told me to check in with you as soon as I got here. I thought I was being clever."

The major said, with some exasperation, "Honestly, I don't know why you people don't come right to us when you want something, instead of stumbling around tripping over our operatives and getting yourselves tailed by counter agents."

Suzy said, "Please forgive me. I just didn't realise. I had to get in touch with somebody who knew something about the underground out of Budapest."

As she proceeded to explain her mission in detail, Major Fraser laughed and said, "We've been handling that deal for the past three years. We work with the refugee committee. They tell us who's worth having and we snag 'em out. We do a couple of other jobs out here as well. Now what was the approximate date when this joker whose name you don't know came through?"

Suzy said, "Some time between December 3 and 17, 1948. Because on December 17 there was some trouble and some shooting when the Hungarians tried to kidnap him back again."

The major said without hesitation: "Oh, that guy. Little moustachy feller with scared eyes. Was supposed to have been secretary to one of the big shots. He came through on the run made either on the eighth or the ninth. We'll just go dig him up out of the files."

Suzy followed the major into the filing room. It was true then. Nick had invented him out of necessity, but he was no dream. He existed.

The major went straight to one of the steel filing cabinets, and without hesitation pulled out the second drawer from the bottom.

To be continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

## The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

YOUNGSTERS don't have to be born on a farm in order to enjoy growing things. Even the child living in a city apartment can have the pleasure of doing his own planting and watching plants develop.

There is fun in growing things. Even radish seeds planted between pieces of dampened blotter will furnish gardening experiences for the young fry. The top of a carrot planted in wet sand or soil also will sprout a very satisfactory, feathery plant.

Some youngsters make a practice of collecting any kinds of seeds they find and growing them later at home in backyard or window-sill pot.



THE HOME GARDENERS

It is a good hobby, which often develops into a rewarding and life-long interest.

In many ways then the growing generation can have fun growing plants. All it needs is a little encouraging interest on the part of mother or dad.



## HOW YOU FEEL TOMORROW

depends  
a lot  
on  
TODAY



If you take Beecham's Pills last thing at night, in the morning you'll feel fresh, fit, full of fun. Beecham's Pills are a purely vegetable laxative. They ensure the regular complete action of the bowels, without which we cannot enjoy life. For perfect health the natural way take your Beecham's Pills tonight!

# TAKE Beecham's Pills

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX TONIGHT

## RHEUMATIC PAIN ENDS!



Spectacular relief described in wife's remarkable letter . . .

In heartfelt gratitude, Mrs. L. K. Turner writes about her husband's release from pain after taking Lantigen 'C'. She says:—  
" . . . My husband is nearly finished his fourth bottle of Lantigen 'C' and am very pleased to say he is free from pain. When he was first taken bad, he could not sleep on either of his sides, always on his back and a pillow under his knee. But now, no pillow, and he can sleep on either side. He does his work in comfort and is most grateful to Lantigen 'C'."

Such a case brings a message of hope to you if you are suffering the grinding pain of rheumatic trouble, the swollen, aching joints and muscles, the sleepless nights and the pain-filled days.

Lantigen 'C' is more than a temporary pain killer. It is a dissolved oral vaccine (taken by mouth instead of by injection), specially prepared to build up the body's resistance to certain germs, the poisons from which cause so much joint and muscle pain.

It works by stimulating the production of the body's natural antibodies to the germs and their effects. Rheumatic germs are attacked and their poisons neutralised. Thus

the inflamed tissues are soothed, the swollen joints and muscles relaxed and pain is ended, not for an hour or so, but, in many recorded cases, for years.

If you suffer from rheumatism get Lantigen 'C'. It's economical, since the recommended treatment costs only a few pence a day.

Ask your chemist to-day for **Lantigen 'C'**

THE DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE for the treatment of germ-caused rheumatic conditions.

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, 103 York Street, Sydney

284C-82

## Gracie Lindsay

Continued from page 41

FOR Daniel the whole room was lighter, warmer. He gazed at Gracie from time to time with a timid happiness, not caring a whit what he was losing. And at length he said: "Play something, Gracie."

"I'm out of practice," Gracie answered gaily in the local dialect. "Besides, Mr. Hay doesn't want me to."

"I'm not minding what you do," the druggist interjected with native caution.

"Well, I will, for that," smiled Gracie. She swung round on her stool, opened the upright piano, hesitated a moment, then began to play.

It was a nice piano—handsome wedding present to Kate from her brother Tom which Kate, in the passion of her possessiveness, had not grudged to keep in tune. And Gracie's touch was worthy of the instrument—Miss Gilchrist, music mistress of the Academy, had not spent her time in vain. She played one of Schubert's Impromptus. It was beautiful.

Outside the light was fading and through the open window the mingled scent of moss roses and new-cut grass came stealing in from Daniel's garden. Gracie's figure, slender and small, had a strangely unprotected quality. Her white throat, almost luminous against her black dress, the fragility of her wrists, the very movements of her fingers, had a delicate and fastidious charm.

Daniel felt his heart swell as he looked at her. Even Hay was touched as, with his long shanks outstretched and his eyes fixed sardonically upon the ceiling, he drummed the draught-board in pretended indifference.

From Schubert, Gracie drifted almost idly into the traditional airs of Scotland, the native songs of her own land, until suddenly with a glance at Daniel, half humorous, half tender, she began that song he liked the best of all. It was, of course, a sacred song:

"And the city hath no need of light."

Leaning forward, fascinated, Daniel could scarcely breathe. Gracie's voice, though small in volume, had an almost bird-like purity. It soared towards him, threading the stately melody with lovely words.

It became no longer Gracie's voice, but Gracie's spirit, aspiring finally towards goodness, a white soul struggling upwards through the nets of Earth. Indescribably touched, Daniel buried his face in his hands, seeing the happy vision of Gracie reunited to her child.

The song ended and it was as if none of them dared to move. Presently, however, the door was opened and Kate came into the room bearing a taper with which, lowering the frosted globe of the chandelier, she lit the gas. It was then that Daniel saw that Gracie's cheeks were wet with tears.

On Wednesday forenoon of the following week Daniel was in the studio, moving slyly, strapping his photographic gear in a brown canvas cover,

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humming cheerfully under his breath. One of his "big days" lay ahead of him. He was going to the Academy to photograph the classes in the Elementary School, row upon row of children ranged on benches, with well-washed faces, alert and wide-eyed, in the sunny, dusty playground.

Most of Daniel's business came from this annual group work. He had most of the schools in Levenford, together with the Oddfellows, the Masons, the Bowling Club, and a score of other old-established institutions controlled by the Borough Council.

If on a Levenford mantelpiece you saw a formidable gathering of top-hatted gentlemen and their parasol-holding ladies—say, the ceremonial opening of new waterworks, or some presentation of prizes—you might be certain that in the corner of the mount would be the neat little sign: Dan'l Nimmo, Photographer, The Studio, Wellhall, Levenford.

To be sure there was not much profit in the work, but



"What do I do in my spare time? Do I look as though I had any spare time?"

Daniel enjoyed it, especially when it took him into the open air among children. There he was in his element, happy and fussy, a master of ceremonies, with a stock of harmless little jokes, which he was far too diffident to use upon their elders, but which, unaccountably, always made the children laugh.

Those little triumphs did much to compensate him for the exacting task of portraiture in the studio.

He was nearly ready when a light tip-tapping on the glass panel of the door caused him to swing round. It was Gracie, her eyes agleam with fun, her smiling face pressed against the pane. The next instant she was in the room.

"I didn't know if I'd catch you. I hurried all the way." She breathed quickly, one hand pressed against her slender side, the other sustaining herself against his shoulder. "Uncle Dan, I'm off for the day. Could you . . . would you cash me this small cheque?"

He gazed at her, rather taken aback, observing her "dressed-up" air, her trim costume, her neat but smart hat. Then he glanced at the cheque, which was drawn for the very modest sum of twenty shillings.

"Where are you going?" he asked slowly.

Please turn to page 49

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OF RUSTBAN WILL  
SAVE YOU 5/6 ON  
CLOTHING AND  
HOUSEHOLD LINEN

WITH a little laugh, her own teasing, infectious laugh, Gracie bent forward to sniff the rose in Daniel's buttonhole.

"What an inquisitive little man! And what a bonny rose! It's a nice habit you have to wear something out of your garden every day." She hesitated, then said with a rush, "Can't you guess where I'm going, Uncle Dan?"

At her tone, less than her words, Daniel's brow cleared and his eyes kindled warmly. Six days ago he had written a long letter of explanation and inquiry to Alexander Lang, at Methven Farm, near Perth. Thus far there had been no response.

What was more natural than that Gracie should wish to take the trip to Perth to anticipate that reply and to see for herself how the land lay? So, at least, Daniel construed the situation.

With ready fingers he fumbled in his right-hand vest pocket. He never had any money beyond a few shillings to jingle with his keys, but to save his face in the case of necessity, he carried a single sovereign in the case attached to his watch-chain. Now, with a self-conscious little smile, he slipped out the gold coin and handed it over.

"Thank you, Uncle Dan," Gracie murmured. "I let myself run short of change. And I need a little for my railway fare."

Before he could reply she was out and on her way down the street, so bright and gay he had to smile in sympathy. He stood for a minute, still aglow at the thought of her present mission, then, resuming his gentle humming, he bent down and began to strap up his satchel.

# Gracie Lindsay

Continued from page 48

Down the High Street Gracie hurried, her feet light on the bone-dry pavements, until she came to the railway station. Here she bought a ticket and, after crossing to the down-line platform, entered an empty compartment in the local train for Markinch.

Presently the train clanked off and after traversing a long tunnel drew up at Dalroch, a poor-class outlying district of Levenford. This station, seldom used by the townspeople, now held nothing but scores of empty milkcans destined for the Lockside and a solitary passenger, a man who, hastening down the line of windows, stepped quickly into Gracie's compartment.

"Well," Gracie remarked as the train moved off again, "we managed that quite well."

David Murray gazed at her, almost unwillingly, from his seat opposite, then glanced instinctively through the window as though he feared they might be observed. He was pale and restive, perhaps a little defiant. He wore a dark grey suit and a badly knotted blue tie.

So ill-tied was it that Gracie bent forward with a pretty chiding gesture and began to pat it into place. "Tch! What a careless chap he is, to be Levenford's bright young lawyer. And sulky, too. Aren't you pleased to be free of your desk for to-day?"

He answered perfunctorily: "Yes, yes, you know I am. But be careful, Gracie, please."

"What on earth is there to be careful about?" She sat back, mocking him gently with

her eyes. "And what a frightened fellow you have turned out to be!"

He bit his lip nervously, moodily. "You know what people are, Gracie. Especially in Levenford. It's risky and foolish of us to take this trip."

She did not answer, but gazed distantly out of the window at the soft green landscape slowly rolling past. At length she murmured: "I love the Loch so much I wanted to see it as we saw it together in the old days."

"Those days are gone, Gracie."

There was a pause. Her head remained averted, her delicate profile outlined against the window.

"Was that why you never answered the letters I wrote you from India?"

This time it was he who made no reply.

With a faint smile she turned towards him. "And now there's Isabel, Davie. It was quite a shock when Aunt Kate told me of your engagement. Foolishly, I had always thought of you as unattached . . . and steadfast."

"Were you steadfast, Gracie?"

She did not seem to hear the question, but went on, in that same light tone: "I remember Isabel at school. She used to wear a brown velvet dress that made her look like a prune."

"You never were very fond of the other girls, Gracie."

"No," she answered calmly. "I was more at home with the boys. Anyhow, I'm sure you'll be happy. Nisbet used to say that homely women made the best wives."

"Was that his experience?"

Her gay, infectious laugh rang out. "That's more the David Murray I used to know."

He could not help himself—he smiled at last, his sensitive, worried smile. Somehow he had never been able to resist her. He knew it was wrong, the act of an imbecile, to be here with Gracie.

When her note had come to the office suggesting this expedition he had torn it up with a frown. He had Isabel to think about and his widowed mother, who, in the most straitened circumstances, had made heroic sacrifices to enable him to take his law degree.

Besides, there was his career—he was linked now in the most favorable way with Isabel's father over the new gasworks scheme and the Borough Causeway tenders and a dozen other profitable ventures. He knew all this, yet here he was, taking this dangerous trip, under the very nose of a suspicious, censorious town.

But they were already at Markinch, and there was no time for further reflection. They left the train together and boarded the tiny paddle steamer that lay waiting at the pier.

Almost at once the engine bell clanged, ropes were cast off, and the yellow paddles churned the green water into milky foam. Out of the little harbor they swept, then, turning, throbbed steadily up the Loch.

To be continued

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## How to put life into leftovers

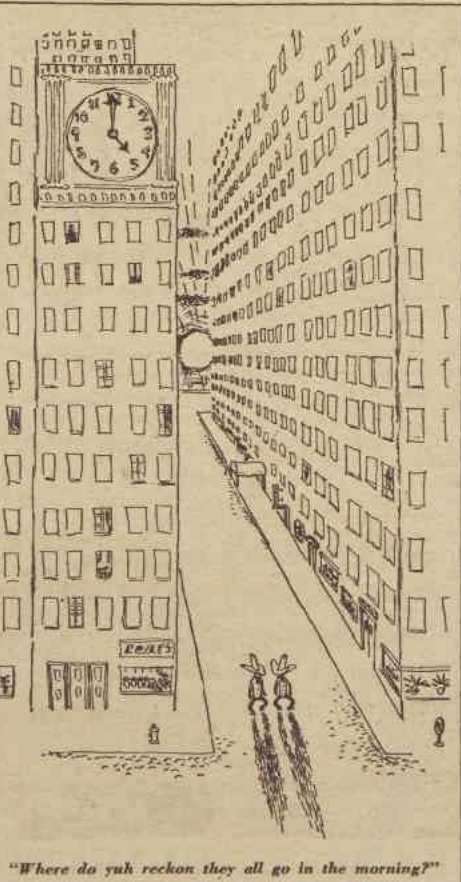
Left-overs of meat can make dull eating, but not if they have flavour. You could, if you had endless time to spare, achieve flavour with many spices and herbs, but it is far easier and more economical to add Lea & Perrins Sauce as you cook. Use one teaspoonful of Lea & Perrins Sauce for four people.



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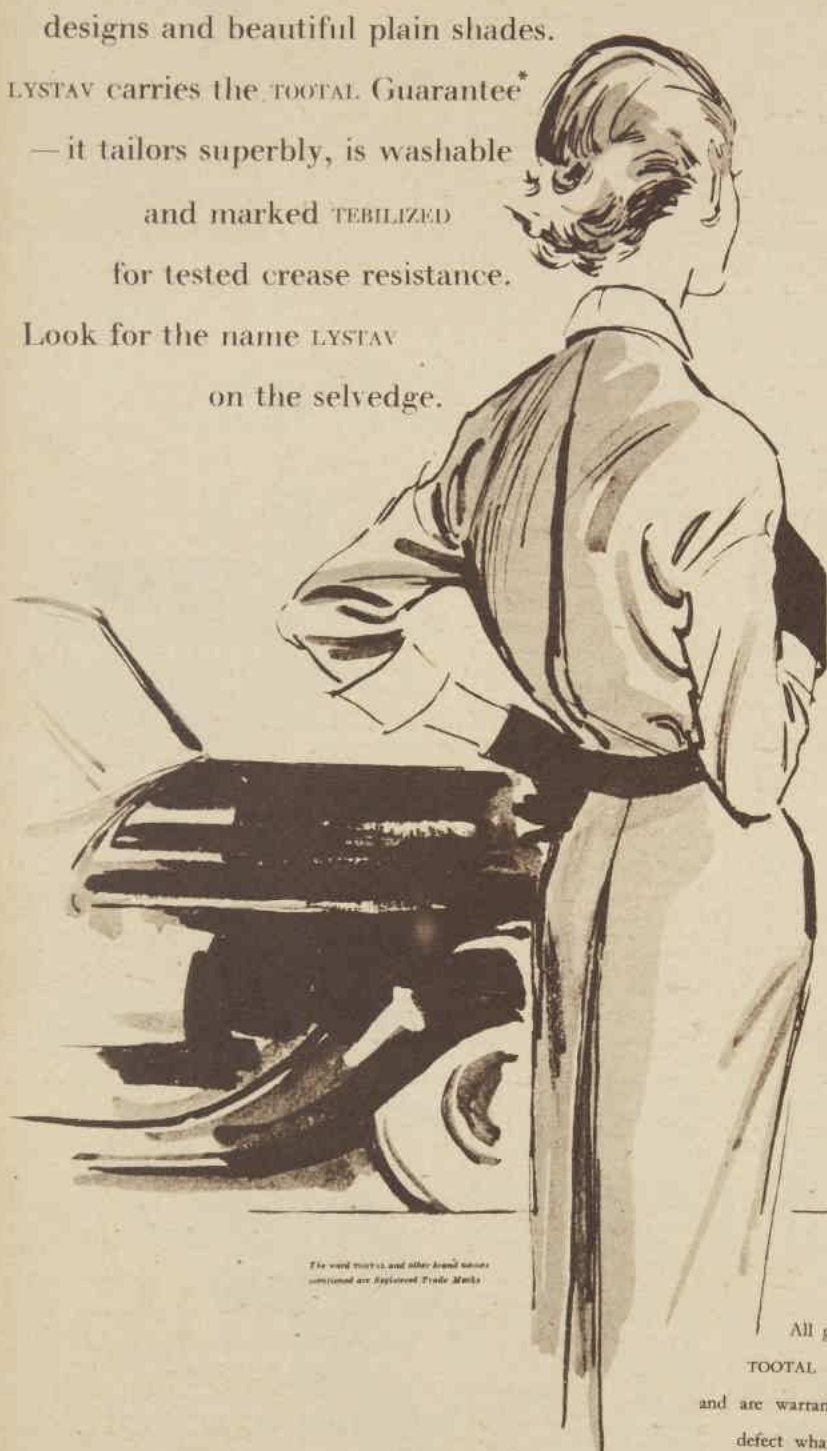
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# Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ **Sealed Cargo**  
THIS R.K.O. film is a minor action piece which moves along smartly and builds up a good deal of interest.

Based on Edmund Gilligan's story "The Gaunt Woman," it concerns Nazi U-boat activities off the Newfoundland coast during World War II.

Dana Andrews appears as the rather oafish captain of a small fishing craft. He gives a tow to a holed, drifting, almost deserted Danish schooner, which appears to be carrying a cargo of rum but turns out to be a German submarine supply ship.

Only person aboard the hulk is Captain Claude Rains, who, of course, is a German and has a group of henchmen ready to get a devilish master plan moving when the time is ripe.

Mr. Rains plays this part with the sardonic indifference of a man who has a nasty job to do and wants to have done

with it as soon as possible. Outwitting the enemy is tricky business that makes good film entertainment, especially as the German ship is blown sky-high in midstream in a picturesque finale, together with several enemy subs which happen to call for supplies.

In Sydney—Plaza.

★★ **Stage Fright**  
IN Warners' thriller "Stage Fright," director Alfred Hitchcock breaks away from his established formula for sustained melodrama with a fair amount of success.

He has substituted the defused technique of stringing together individual incidents, humorous and creepy, and linking them together with colorful minor people and happenings.

The sum total of this departure, plus a slick script, is a not-too-terrifying mystery with a surprise ending that is entertaining.

## CITY FILM GUIDE

CAPITOL—"Down Memory Lane," musical comedy starring Bing Crosby, Gloria Swanson, W. C. Fields. Plus "Kill or Be Killed," starring Lawrence Tierney.

CENTURY—★★ "Stage Fright," British thriller starring Marlene Dietrich, Jane Wyman, Michael Wilding (see review this page). Plus featurettes.

CIVIC—"Tokio File 212," spy drama starring Florence Marly, Robert Peyton. Plus "Brasher Doubloon," starring George Montgomery, Nancy Guild.

EMBASSY—"Lady with a Lamp," dramatisation of Florence Nightingale's life starring Anna Neagle, Michael Wilding. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE—"Half Angel," whimsical comedy in technicolor starring Loretta Young, Joseph Cotten. Plus "Missing Woman," mystery starring Penny Edwards.

LIBERTY—★★ "The Law and the Lady," Victorian comedy starring Greer Garson, Michael Wilding, Fernando Lamas. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM—★★ "Madeleine," period drama based on a famous murder trial starring Ann Todd, Norman Woodland, Ivan Desny (see review this page). Plus featurettes.

LYRIC—"Fighting Man of the Plains," technicolor Western starring Randolph Scott. Plus "My Gal Sal," period musical starring Rita Hayworth, Victor Mature.

MAYFAIR—★★ "Too Dangerous to Love," romantic drama starring Ginger Rogers, Dennis Morgan (see review this page). Plus "Magnificent Rogue."

PARK—★★ "Montana," period Western in technicolor starring Errol Flynn, Alexis Smith. Plus "Pass Key to Danger."

PLAZA—★★ "Sealed Cargo," seafaring adventure starring Dana Andrews, Claude Rains (see review this page). Plus "Storm of Wyoming," starring Tim Holt.

PRINCE EDWARD—"Samson and Delilah," de-Mille extravaganza starring Hedy Lamarr, Victor Mature. Plus featurettes.

REGENT—★★ "On the Riviera," musical comedy starring Danny Kaye, Gene Tierney. Plus "Pride of Maryland," period racing melodrama.

SAVOY—★★ "Kon-Tiki," documentary film on actual Pacific expedition. Plus "If You Knew Susie," starring Eddie Cantor.

ST. JAMES—"The Strip," drama set in Hollywood starring Mickey Rooney, Sally Forrest. Plus "You Belong To My Heart," romantic musical in technicolor starring Lana Turner, Esio Pinza.

STATE—★★ "Harriet Craig," domestic drama starring Joan Crawford, Wendell Corey. Plus "Two of a Kind," gambling melodrama starring Elizabeth Scott.

VARIETY—"Spring in Park Lane," sophisticated English comedy starring Anna Neagle, Michael Wilding. Plus "U-Boat 29," adventure starring Conrad Veidt.

VICTORY—"The Brave Bulls," South of the Border drama starring Mel Ferrer, Miroslava, Anthony Quinn. Plus "The Big Gusher," starring Wayne Morris.

## OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars—below average

Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Michael Wilding, Richard Todd, Alastair Sim, and Dame Sybil Thorndike play out the plot against a theatrical background.

Self-appointed girl detective, student-actress Miss Wyman is in love with Richard Todd's Jonathan Cooper, who, in turn, is fascinated by stage queen Marlene Dietrich. To add to the confusion, he is suspected of having murdered Miss Dietrich's husband.

Enter Michael Wilding as charm-boy-cum-detective and Alastair Sim as Jane's pixyish father and you have a cast which provides all sorts of possibilities.

Smooth performances dot this film, but probably the most arresting appearance is that of Marlene Dietrich wearing a Dior wardrobe and putting over several flamboyant songs.

In Sydney—Century.

## ★★ Too Dangerous To Love

WARNERS' "Too Dangerous to Love" takes a look at the American jury system and points out that the attitude of jury members towards their work is shaped by individual personalities and experience.

To demonstrate the point the script has a girl fall in love with a married man while they are both serving on a trial jury in which the defendant was allegedly driven to commit murder by a romance problem similar to their own.

In the two central roles Ginger Rogers and Dennis Morgan do workmanlike jobs of acting, but this is not a star picture.

The combination of ironic situations, intelligent direction, and shrewd minor characterisations make "Too Dangerous to Love" a good, adult picture.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

## ★★ Madeleine

COLDLY handsome Ann Todd has the equipment necessary to play the role of enigmatic Scotch girl Madeleine Smith in Cineguild's production of "Madeleine."

Madeleine's secret love-life scandalised strait-laced mid-Victorians when the death of her lover, Emile L'Angelier, brought her into the Scottish Court to stand trial for having murdered him by administering arsenic.

One of the most sensational murder trials of the past century, the case resulted in a verdict of "not proven," allowed by Scottish law.

Impeccable in production and period details, "Madeleine" moves slowly to the punch scene of the piece—the court sequence in which opposing counsellors Barry Jones and Andre Morell address the jury.

Tracing pertinent incidents may leave the audience sympathetically disposed to feel that Madeleine may not have committed the crime.

In Sydney—Lyceum.

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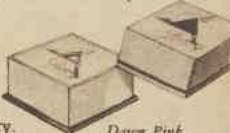
hour, with fragrant flattery.

What could be more

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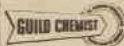
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# Found: new Latin lover

## Handsome Argentinian is success in Hollywood

From LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

Handsome Latin-American actor Fernando Lamas came to Hollywood two years ago with the usual determination to make good, a background of film work in his own country, and poor knowledge of the English language.

NOW he is being nominated as the best and brightest romantic find of recent times, and has more film work lined up for 1952 than most Hollywood leading men.

It is even being whispered around the sound-stages that in this Argentinian actor his studio has a definite prospect to fill the shoes of John Gilbert, who, in the days of silent movies, was second only to Valentino as the screen's great lover.

Evidence that Lamas has clicked both with his bosses and box-office may be found in his forthcoming film assignments.

M.G.M. have named him to play opposite Lana Turner in "The Merry Widow," and subsequently with Pier Angeli and Ralph Meeker in "Seven Sins of Clement O'Reilly."

"Mexican Village" follows,

in which he appears with Ava Gardner and his friend, Ricardo Montalban.

Lamas will star with Esther Williams and Debbie Reynolds in "Everybody Swims."

Joe Pasternak's "Rich, Young, and Pretty," starring Jane Powell, Danielle Darrieux, and Vic Damone, was Lamas' first Hollywood picture. In it he plays a French romanticist.

Box-office returns from this gay musical showed that the public wanted more of Lamas, and M.G.M. obliged by putting him in to "The Law and the Lady" with Greer Garson and Michael Wilding.

His arresting acting as a fiery Latin lover—a part which he has played many times in his native land—ensured his Hollywood future.

In the beginning the English language presented Fernando Lamas' highest hurdle.

Lamas learned some English



STEPPING OUT to a Hollywood film premiere, Fernando Lamas and his attractive Latin wife, Lidia, seem to be pleased with life.

during his first few weeks in California, and imagined that it would be sufficient to carry him through in Hollywood films.

It came as a rude shock when M.G.M. informed him that he would have to take 12 months in which to learn the language.

The idea of this concentrated study was not altogether

welcome, but when Lamas discovered that there would otherwise be little chance of acquiring the roles he sought, he buckled down to daily study.

The studio's dramatic coach, Lillian Burns, took him under her wing, read scripts with him, and eased him along the path to fluent English.

The job was not made any



FERNANDO LAMAS, new Latin-American heart-throb, who has become a box-office hit in America, is being called another John Gilbert. Living modestly in Hollywood with his wife and small daughter, Lamas is keeping his fingers crossed about his success.

easier by the studio's apparent disinterest in his existence. Actually a grooming campaign was at this time in progress behind the scenes.

Coach Gertrude Fogler played an important part in the actor's English tuition.

Working on the theory that intonation is more important than anything else, Miss Fogler spent two hours with him at the studio each day for more than nine months. The lessons still continue.

"During all this time I set at least one Hollywood record," claims Lamas. "I held my breath for a whole year."

The much-coveted role in "Rich, Young, and Pretty" enabled Fernando Lamas to breathe freely again.

Fernando was born in Buenos Aires in January, 1916.

His engineer father had visions of his handsome son some day becoming a lawyer and sent him to college.

Fernando showed a greater flair for athletics than for study. He became collegiate boxing champion and an expert horseman and fencer.

Although his uncle, Jose Lamas, was a well-known South American actor, Fernando did not seriously consider taking up an acting career until he was 22.

"When my father realised that I couldn't care less about becoming a legal eagle I went to work as a radio announcer," says Lamas. "Then friends at a Rio de Janeiro party persuaded me that I was not too old to start singing lessons."

For five years he mixed singing with dramatic roles on radio theatre shows and also worked as an announcer.

Lamas married his attractive brunette wife, Lidia, in Montevideo, Uruguay, in 1946—three years before he came to Hollywood. They

have one daughter, Alexandra, who was born in 1947.

Argentine movie producers were not unaware of Lamas' success on radio theatre shows and hired him for five small roles in Latin-American pictures.

He later played romantic leads in ten other Latin films, the last one a Spanish version of a Hollywood movie. In this production he met Hollywood actor John Carroll, and they became close friends.

Carroll and pianist Jose Iturbi, who also had met Lamas in the Argentine, persuaded him to come north to try his luck.

It was largely through Iturbi's and Carroll's efforts that Lamas was hired by M.G.M. almost as soon as he arrived in California.



EXPERT horseman, Fernando Lamas rides one of Clark Gable's horses during a workout in San Fernando Valley.

## Australian girl is the latest star in British films

Diane Cilento, a lovely Australian girl of 19, is to-day's new star of British films.

DIANE, whose lustrous blonde hair, dark-brown eyes, and high cheekbones make the cameraman's job easy and give the make-up experts practically nothing to do, is the youngest daughter of Sir Raphael Cilento, of

Brisbane, expert on tropical medicine.

Stardom fell into Diane's lap. She plays the lead opposite Zachary Scott and Robert Beatty in the new British film "Dead On Course," her first movie role.

She won it by the simple expedient of leaving her photo-

By BILL STRUTTON,  
of our London staff

graph with an agent and going off on a hitch-hiking tour of France.

With a knapsack on her back, thumbing lifts with lorry-drivers and tourists, Diane made for the Riviera, and stayed with some Australian friends at Cassis.

Among them was Margaret Olley, a painter and model for one of William Dobell's best-known pictures.

On the day that she arrived back in England, Diane learned she had won the part in "Dead On Course" from among 40 applicants, some of them well-known stars.

Her part? A French girl in love with Robert Beatty.

Diane Cilento approached an acting career in the classic way. She started young and studied hard.

At the age of 15 she sailed from Brisbane for the U.S. to study at the American Academy of Dramatic Art. This involved learning "stage American."

Now she is a very grown-up 19, mature in her attitude to her career, charming, frank, and much too alive to be type-cast in glamor-girl parts. And she still has a dry Australian humor.

"After the Academy I joined the Barter State Theatre of Virginia—one of the only two State theatres in the country," she said.

"I toured all over America. We played big towns, Army camps, one-night stands in little hick towns, everything."

"Some of the audience comments in the camps and backwoods towns used to get pretty ripe. It was grand fun. It was terrific experience, too."

"The Barter State Theatre was founded in the depression by a bunch of out-of-work actors, who traded their performances for food. That's how the word 'Barter' got in."

"When the theatre comes home to Virginia, the audiences still pay for seats with food instead of currency. They roll up and hand in their vegetables, fruit, pigs, and pies at the box-office and take their seats."

"While I toured in summer stock in 'You Can't Take It With You,' I also had to work backstage as an electrician. That's the only way a non-American can get work and experience in the theatre, by taking a technician's job."

"Then my father phoned and said I would have to go with my mother to England. So I enrolled in London at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art for tuition and more accent work."

"When I first arrived I spoke a mixture of American and Australian. Now I've mastered English for the stage here, and I've learned French in my frequent trips to France."

Exclusive Films plan to star Diane Cilento in two further films, then review her contract with a big-star salary in mind.



YOUNG AUSTRALIAN Diane Cilento has her first movie role in the British film "Dead On Course." Co-stars are Robert Beatty, who appears with her in this picture, and American Zachary Scott.



# Sweater girls and a cat named Siam

● Many ranking Hollywood favorites today can thank their lucky stars for the influence on screen box-office of what connoisseurs call sweater art. Lana Turner, Doris Day, and June Haver, three actresses who long ago reached stellar heights, still contribute to the lasting appeal of sweater pin-ups.



DORIS DAY (above) likes wearing a sweater and slacks off stage. She appears in two big Warner musicals, "Tea for Two" and "Fine and Dandy."

LANA TURNER (below) has a top glamor role in "You Belong To My Heart" (M.G.M.). She made her film debut years ago as a sweater girl.



JUNE HAVER (above), who is proclaimed to be the girl most likely to slip into Betty Grable's impeccable sweater, cuddles her Siamese cat, Siam, as they both look into the camera lens. Overwork recently put this young entertainer out of circulation briefly, but she is back in lissom form again as star of 20th Century-Fox's "A WAC In His Life."



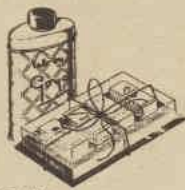


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11 D. PER TABLET  
Slightly higher in some countries areas

\* Cadyl is a fragrant blend of 5 rare beauty oils, exclusive to Rexona Soap. Rexona's silky-fine lather carries Cadyl deep into the pores where most blemishes start.

X.113.WW63Z



**1 HUNTED** by the police after his escape from an asylum, John Howard Barrington (John Ireland), left, who was convicted of murdering a girl, is captured by rancher Cactus Thompson (James Barton).



**2 EXPLAINING** that he was found unconscious near the murdered girl and has been in a daze since his conviction, Barrington tells Cactus that he now wants to find the facts. Cactus agrees to shield him.

## MURDER MELODRAMA



**3 DRIVING** to town to get supplies when Cactus becomes ill, Barrington gives a lift to Connie (Mercedes McCambridge), who wears a scarf like the one used in the strangling.

**"THE SCARF"** (United Artists) was produced by one of Hollywood's smaller film companies.

Mercedes McCambridge stars in a hard-boiled role that is reminiscent of her Oscar-winning portrayal in "All the King's Men," a film which raised the prestige of small-company productions by winning two other Academy Awards as well.

John Ireland, who also appeared in "All the King's Men," has the central role in "The Scarf."



**4 RELAXING** momentarily, Barrington remembers his plight when, with a shock, he notices Connie's scarf.



**5 ASKING** help from a friend, psychiatrist Dr. Dunbar (Emlyn Williams), left, Barrington is persuaded that he is really guilty. While they talk, Dunbar surreptitiously sends for the police.



**6 DISCUSSING** the case with Dunbar after Barrington's recapture, the prison psychiatrist (Basil Ruysdael) detects medical inconsistencies in Dunbar's review of the murder trial. He begins to doubt Dunbar.



**7 FEARING** that Barrington may really be insane, Connie is reluctant to help Cactus reopen investigations of his case. But she agrees to help after having a talk with the prison psychiatrist, who suspects Dunbar.



**8 SCARF** which looks like the one used in the murder is worn by Connie as a trap for Dunbar. Seeing it, his mind snaps and he confesses to the crime, thus clearing Barrington of any guilt.





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W.310.WW.K2

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Summer!



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## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 121—SUNSHIRT FOR SMALL GIRL

Available cut out ready to make in a spotted British cotton. Color choice includes a red, green, or blue spot on a white ground. Sizes: Two years, 10/3; three years, 10/8; four years, 11/6; and 4-6 years, 11/11. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra.

### No. 122—TABLE-RUNNER

The runner is clearly traced ready to embroider with an attractive basket design. The material is cream or white Irish linen or British cotton in pastel shades of green, pink, blue, and lemon. Sizes: 36in. by 11in. The lace edging is not supplied. Prices: Linen, 6/11; cotton, 5/3. Postage 1d. extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

### No. 123—GUEST TOWELS

Two towels clearly designed and traced ready to embroider on cream, white, blue, lemon, and pink Irish linen. Also on British cotton in lemon, blue, pink, and green. Each measures 17in. by 34in. Prices: Linen, 6/3 each, or set of two, 12/6; cotton, 4/11 each, or set of two, 8/-. Postage and registration, 9d. extra for one towel and 1/3 extra for set of two.

### No. 124—ONE-PIECE DRESS

Cut out ready to make, with full instructions for making in a summer-breeze cotton. The color choice includes red, navy, lemon, sky-blue, or apple-green, all printed with a white pin spot. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 31/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 23/3. Postage and registration, 2/8 extra.

## Fashion PATTERNS



F6658



F6656



F6654



F6659



F6655



### Pattern for beginners

F6654. — Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make, smartly styled jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Special price, 1/9.

F6656. — A pretty nightgown with lace trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material, ½yd. 36in. lace, plus ½yd. 36in. net. Price, 3/6.

F6657. — One-piece for summer has a sleeveless bodice-top with white trim, and flared skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F6655. — Baby's layette, size, infant's. Pilchers require ½yd. 36in. material, frock 1½yds. 36in. material, slip ½yd. 36in. material, nightgown 1½yds. 36in. material, coat 1½yds. 36in. material, bonnet ½yd. 36in. material, plus 6½yds. ½in. lace edging and ½yd. ½in. satin ribbon. Price, 4/9.

F6658. — An attractive design for cotton, with a sailor-type collar and gathered skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F6659. — Maternity dress and matching jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

**FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions** may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 406, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland. Postage is included in prices quoted.



# Relax—it is easier than being tense

By  
STELLA K. NEWMAN

"Why can't I relax?" How often do doctors hear this question from their patients? Others don't ask. They tell: "I just can't relax."

As it happens, there is nothing mysterious about the matter of relaxing or not relaxing.

William James, in his essay called "The Gospel of Relaxation," makes a plea for the unhurried and unharried way of life.

Many of us, he says, go through life with our emotions in a constant state of excitation.

Below are five popular ways in which we keep ourselves from relaxing.

How many of them do you use? Any of them, as it happens, even if you use it alone, can do the trick of banishing your calm spirit.

**1. Being An Overdoer.**—All the world, we feel, loves the doer, the person who gets things done. A good part of our time is spent telling others how much we accomplished.

We admire activity in others and we relish the feel of activity in ourselves. In fact, the sense of accomplishment is a creditable emotion which should fill us with a great deal of pride and satisfaction.

But sometimes it doesn't fill us with satisfaction. It fills

us with turmoil instead. For sometimes we get it into our heads that we should be able to shop and clean shelves and cook a super dinner all in one feverish day.

In other words, instead of doing our tasks in a leisurely, easy way, with pleasure in doing them, we push ourselves from one task to another, as if we have to do rather than want to do.

Then we become first-line candidates for a "bottled lightning" type of existence.

**2. Being An Outdoorer.**—Many of us engage in a perpetual struggle to outdo others. It's as if life is a daily round of competition.

Possibly we're not aware of our persistent desire to outstrip others. Or we're only dimly aware of it. But what we do know quite vividly is the result—no rest for our weary minds and nerves.

This striving for superiority—as the psychologist calls it—is usually carried on quite subtly by our emotions.

That's why it escapes us. We don't publish the fact that we're aiming to be better than our friends. We don't brag

that we are better. Naturally. In fact, we hide our competitiveness not only from others but even from ourselves.

Yet every day and in every way we tense ourselves to keep on our superior level, to excel, to outdo others.

And though our friends, and we ourselves, may be none the wiser, our nerves know the story of the constant strain.

Any psychologist will tell you that the striving for superiority is one of the first causes of self-consciousness. (Since we feel always on trial we must watch ourselves.)

It is the royal road to inner tension and anxiety. (The rivalry puts us on edge.)

It leads directly to feelings of depression, of failure, of inferiority (when we feel we don't come out on top).

The would-be outdoorer runs a race that has no ending.

**3. Trying To Be a Perfect Doer.**—"Nobody is perfect" is one of the commonest expressions of our everyday language. Yet, strangely enough, many of us do try for perfection.

Of course, we don't openly admit that we're arrogant enough to expect to be perfect humans.

We simply carry around with us the conviction that we should never make a mistake. (What kind of a mistake? Any mistake.) And this one conviction, which seems innocent

enough, has wooed countless people away from the sweet ways of tranquillity into deep discontent.

For example, Nancy L. suffered frequent "sinking spells." The spells got so bad she consulted a psychiatrist. She described them to him as "feelings of real fright." What was Nancy afraid of? It took her some time to realise that just making a mistake was enough to arouse fear in her—the fear of not being perfect.

Maybe we don't get sinking spells. But maybe, much too often, we feel within us a thud of self-condemnation because we forgot to return somebody's phone call on the moment, or because Mrs. White may not think we were cordial enough, or Mrs. Gray may have disapproved of our remarks, or possibly we didn't give absolutely accurate directions to a stranger, or possibly the grocer didn't like us because we returned that jar of jam.

When our hearts are set on perfect-doing, every error becomes a threat to us, every suspected failing a thing to fear and fret over.

**4. Being a Delay-artist.**—The classic example of the delay-artist is the person who has to write a letter, but, instead of writing it and sending it on its way, thinks of it for days, each time telling himself he ought to write that letter, each time worrying about when he will write it, each time blaming himself for not having written it.

This scheme of emotional



contortion seems almost ridiculous. Yet how often we use it.

The reasoning of the delay-artist, whether conscious or unconscious, is that coming to any decision is unpleasant business. He'd rather push it away, put it off for as long as possible. It's as if taking a stand calls for more mental energy than he can spare up.

Actually, however, he consumes far more mental energy than the person who writes the letter, then relaxes; decides on the job, then rests content. For the delay-artist just naturally lets himself in for worry.

**5. Being a Pessimist.**—You may not look the picture of

gloom. Yet you may be a practising pessimist. The test is: Do you always expect the worst? Do you carry in your mind the notion that things cannot turn out well for you?

What intricate effort goes into being perfectionists and pessimists and delay-artists. How easy is the art of relaxation by comparison.

After all, there is no mysterious knack to settling back comfortably in an easy chair, or to enjoying seven or eight hours of untroubled sleep at night, or to enjoying the passing incidents of our daily life.

Given a free and untortured mind, any of us can learn in no time at all.



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GUEST-ROOM at the New York Home Furnishings Show displays several unique features, including pin-up boards as wall decor.

## New York stages furnishing show

### Modern designers favor black-and-white schemes

From our New York representative

Four hundred of America's top furniture and interior designers previewed their 1952 creations at the recent Home Furnishings Show held in the Grand Central Palace, New York.

MORE than 300,000 people flocked to the show on the first two days—some to buy, but most to eye the latest fashions in home furnishings.

Most designers featured black and white offset with clear colors in their schemes. Several interior decorators emphasized room-length murals for large homes.

Mural wallpapers were popular in a number of displays, and a few moderns favored a single-papered wall

offset by a neutral shade of paint on the other three walls of the room.

Chromium is apparently right out of date. The only metal widely used by U.S. designers is black wrought iron.

Wild modernism and forced functionalism have also petered out with the chromium age. Most exhibitors mingled period pieces with restrained modern furnishings in their displays.

Only two or three showed new versions of those horrible "bodyline chairs"—canvas or hide monsters suspended on



SMALL ENTRANCE HALL, called "Summer Garden," shows a staircase wallpaper treatment to suggest space where there is none. Growing plants decorate one wall.

iron frames—which are neither comfortable to sit in nor easy to leave.

The man who designed the guest-room illustrated at the top of this page said he modelled it to accommodate the guest, "so this 'A woman's hat is a symbol of the guest,' he added, 'so this room should be a place where the guest can 'hang up' a hat and feel at home."

The wall decor comprises framed beaver-board "crea-

tions" all well studded with heavy pins on which the visitor can hang odds and ends.

The chest unit houses a desk, writing-table, and a luggage rack. The desk-lamp was a New York Museum of Modern Art prize-winner. It sits or can be clamped on to a chair-back or bed-head.

Pictures of the five-roomed "dream home" which attracted so much attention at the Furnishings Show will be published in next week's issue.



ENTRANCE HALL for a small house won honors for the designer—a woman. Its main feature is the hand-painted curtain covering the doorway to the kitchen. This spiral staircase design gives the room added depth, and suggests the spaciousness of a non-existent upper story.



CLEAN, MODERN LINES and a touch of the antique were blended in this design for a bedroom. Voted one of the "best-dressed" rooms at the New York Home Furnishings Show, it features near-white bleached chest-units, with a black-and-white bedspread.

When...  
Cupid starts to fire  
his darts →→→



A ROMANTIC courtship, a lovely trousseau, a beautiful wedding and a wonderful honeymoon followed by a lifetime of happiness with her ideal man—these have been the dreams of girls throughout the ages.

The present day girl dreams along similar lines, but with her modern outlook on life she realises that the lovely trousseau, and the beauty and comfort of her first home depend on how well she regulates her spending, how carefully she saves.

The Commonwealth Savings Bank offers all young couples every encouragement and assistance to save for things that bring lasting happiness and ensure success in marriage.

If you are a modern girl in search of happiness, try saving something every pay day. You and your account are welcome at any branch of the

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The Ideal Christmas Gift

FOR THAT EXTRA-SPECIAL SOMEONE OR AS A GIFT TO THE WHOLE FAMILY YOU COULDN'T BUY A MORE ACCEPTABLE PRESENT THAN PHILIPS "JUBILEE-4"

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

## PERRY MASON

• Detective Paul Drake has taken David Bidon's fingerprints for checking with the War Department record. Bidon, who had been thought dead, has returned to claim his wife, Ilya, who has married Dr. Adams. Unknown to Paul, Bidon substituted another photostat for the official one, but Perry Mason suspects something is wrong with the prints.

PERRY, I WAS RIGHT THERE WITH BIDON EVERY MINUTE! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE WAR DEPT. PRINTS? YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE WRONG SIDE, ANYWAY!

THE PRINTS ARE O.K., PAUL — BUT SOMEONE PUT ONE OVER ON YOU!

MY OFFICE DATE STAMP! EVERYTHING THAT COMES IN IS STAMPED WITH THE DATE! WHY THAT — THAT — HE SWITCHED PRINTS ON ME! BUT HOW...

HE JUST SWIPED A STANDARD WAR DEPT. FORM SOMEWHERE, ROLLED ON HIS OWN FINGERPRINTS, THEN HAD IT PHOTOSTATED! HE STOLE YOUR PHOTOSTAT AND LEFT YOU THE FORGERY!

WELL, PERRY, I GUESS THAT WINDS UP THE CASE!

PAUL, THIS CASE IS JUST BEGINNING TO GET INTERESTING!

DELLA, WE KNOW IT WAS DAVID BIDON WHO CALLED ILYA FROM MANILA! HE EVEN WROTE TO HER! WE KNOW HE WAS ALIVE THEN!

I DON'T SEE IT, PERRY. IF THIS MAN ISN'T BIDON, THEN ILYA'S MARRIAGE TO ADAMS IS LEGAL!

LOOK, DELLA, DON'T MENTION BIDON TO ME WHILE I'M EATING!

IF THIS ISN'T BIDON, WHERE IS THE REAL BIDON? WHY DID HE SEND AN IMPOSTER?

WHEN PERRY STARTS ASKING QUESTIONS, DELLA DUCK!

PAUL, YOU'RE SPEAKING OF THE MAN WHO IS ABOUT TO SEND YOU ON A VACATION — TO SCENIC MANILA!

I'LL GO TO MANILA AND TRACK DOWN THE REAL BIDON FOR YOU, PERRY! BUT FIRST I WANT TO SEE OUR BIDON'S FACE WHEN THE POLICE GET HIM!

THAT'S JUST IT, PAUL. THEY CAN'T HAVE HIM!

WHAT ABOUT ILYA? SHE MIGHT FALL IN LOVE WITH HIM! BIDON SHOULD BE BEHIND BARS!

IF HE'S BEHIND BARS, HOW ARE WE GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REAL BIDON? THE IMPOSTER MAY BE THE ONLY MAN WHO KNOWS THE ANSWER!

TO BE CONTINUED

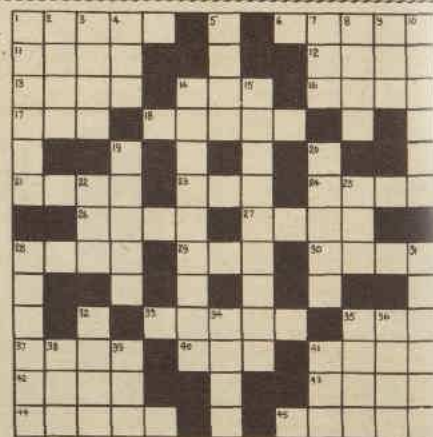
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Series of recognized notes (5).
- New Zealand trees (5).
- God of war (4).
- Select carefully (4).
- 1/10 of an inch (4).
- Large bird (3).
- Plant (4).
- Quaker (3).
- Anoint (5).
- Besides (4).
- Small deer (3).
- Measuring unit (4).
- Relax (4).
- Flower (4).
- Holes in ground (4).
- Literary group (3).
- Pitcher (4).
- Boy's name (5).
- Empty talk (3).
- Land measure (4).
- Perfumed (3).
- Wash (4).
- Performer (4).
- Old (4).
- Additional (5).
- Musical drama (5).



Solution to last week's crossword



Solution will be published next week

### DOWN

- Abundance (8).
- Dry (4).
- Repair (4).
- Employ (3).
- Pract (4).
- Appropriate (3).
- Grow weary (4).
- High card (3).
- Rough drawing (6).
- Asked earnestly (9).
- Afflicted with open sore (9).
- Smallest (5).
- Avaricious person (5).
- Series (3).
- Recent (3).
- Display (6).
- Flower (6).
- Ghaz (4).
- Variety of color (4).
- Pludge (4).
- Assert (4).
- Helmsman (3).
- Sin (3).
- Wrap (3).



# Home Hints BY DECOR

You spend 1/3 of your life in a bedroom — make it beautiful — the inexpensive way!



Most of us spend about one-third of our lives in the bedroom, so why not make it one of the most beautiful rooms in the house. Look at the bedroom illustrated above. It's lovely! One feature, above all, gives this room its special charm . . . Aberdeen venetians—so smart, so practical, and so inexpensive. All over Australia, in homes big and small, you'll find "Aberdeen" all-metal venetians adding that extra touch that makes a house or a flat really beautiful. Always look for the special Aberdeen all-metal headbox and all-metal bottom rail—because Aberdeen are the ONLY venetians with the PATENTED headbox fittings.

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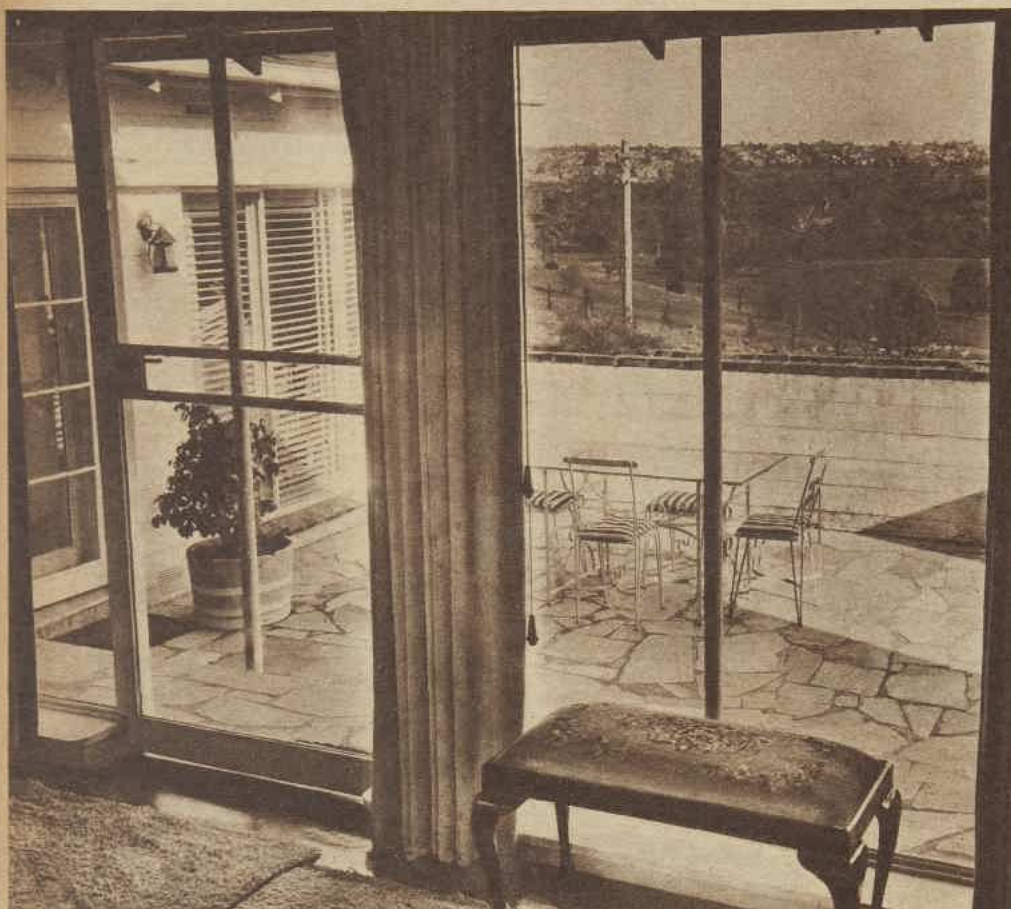
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# Small house with big windows captures sunshine, view



VIEW THROUGH THE GLASS WALLS of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Gillis' living-room at Ivanhoe, Victoria. The terrace, which extends the living space of the house, is paved with semi-polished stone similar to that used on the inside fireplace.

GROUND-FLOOR PLAN of Mr. and Mrs. Gillis' home (right). The floor space between the kitchen and the meal-bay is wide enough to form a direct passageway between the living-room and the back door—a point worth noting.

● Fitting snugly into a hillside at Ivanhoe, Victoria, the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Gillis so blends with its site that it seems as if it grew there.

THE floor-plan of the house was designed by the architects, Messrs. Seabrook, Fildes, and Hunt, to take full advantage of the extensive view.

From practically any point indoors you can look out over the Ivanhoe golf links in the valley below to the inner suburbs and Melbourne seven miles away.

In the spring, the broad, green links are ablaze with wattles, so it is no wonder that they were given so much consideration in the plan.

Main feature of the house is a paved terrace which in the warmer months serves as an extra room. In winter it is an outdoor playground for Mr. and Mrs. Gillis' two small sons.

Flanked on one side by the bedroom wing, the terrace has a brick wall on the other side

which screens it from the back-yard and clothes-line.

The low wall opposite the living-room is built like a trough to take flowers and trailing plants.

Mr. and Mrs. Gillis decided to dispense with the conventional dining-room and to make the kitchen big enough (it is 17 ft. long) to include a dining space.

The kitchen is a model of compactness, and its window overlooks the front garden.

The dining-bay, which has a view over the golf links, is separated from the kitchen area by a low cabinet which forms a back for a built-in seat on the dining side.

The interior walls are finished in soft pastel colors, and the furnishings generally are designed to create a feeling of space so essential in a small house. —Edna Horton Lewis.



## From Children to Grandchildren

23 years of  
**VELVET CARE**  
Says Aunt Jenny



When Aunt Jenny called on Mrs. E. Campbell — the grandmother of 14 children — at 97 Holt Ave., Cremorne, N.S.W., she learned how Mrs. Campbell's family has always been able to save on clothes and linens by passing on many of the things. Mrs. Campbell's daughter, Mrs. Wong said to Aunt Jenny — "These baby clothes have all been handed on to my son John, after years of use. You'd never know it, would you — and thanks to Velvet they'll keep that fresh look for years yet!"



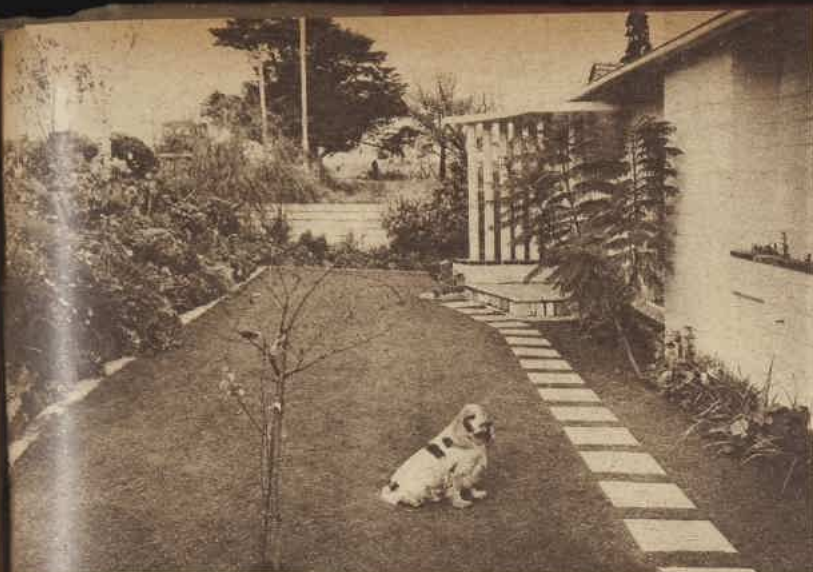
"I bought this towel in 1928," smiles Mrs. Campbell. "And do you know, my 7 children and most of my 14 grandchildren all used it when they were babies. There's not a single broken thread — a real credit to Velvet washing."



Pure, mild Velvet is so kind to your hands — so gentle to your clothes. Here's why Velvet-washed clothes last longer ...







**HIGH ROCK GARDEN** has been built to beautify the drop from the outside road level to the lawns at the F. J. Gullis' Ivanhoe home.

**RECESSED SHELF** in the wall at the head of the bed (right) dispenses with bedside lamps and table. The color scheme of room is pink and grey.



**LONG, LOW EXTERIOR** of the house is notable for the straightforward manner in which it expresses the interior plan. It has no ornamentation to catch the eye, but its simple lines and smooth slate roof make the passer-by stop for a second look. Corral-like fence harmonises with the front porch.



**BUILT-IN "WELL"** for flowers is an unusual feature of the hall leading to the bathroom and main bedroom—three steps lower than the rest of the house.



**STRIKING FEATURE** of the living-room is the fireplace, which is faced with polished stone. Mrs. Gullis chose pale green walls for the living-room, beige curtains for the windows, and Indian rugs with a light brown tracery on a beige ground for floor.

## 4 fascinating new nylon colors come to town

BOND'S GOSSAMER NYLONS

Starring "Night and Day", Bond's very own color that actually changes in different lights. One color by day, another at night, perfectly complementing both your day and night fashions. But don't miss Honeymoon, Sun Frolic and Silhouette — Bond's other sunny new colors.

# Bond's Gossamer nylons

30 denier with a full sandal foot, shell toes, French panel heels.





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got you beat



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## £5 for novelty dessert



ATTRACTIVE NOVELTY HAT DESSERT wins this week's main prize of £5 in our cookery contest. This dessert appeals particularly to children, but will be a favorite with all. See the recipe on this page.

• A novelty dinner sweet made in the shape of a hat wins this week's £5 cookery prize.



It is made from sponge cake, fruit salad, and cream, and is decorated with cherries, mint leaves, and ribbon.

Although it is very easy to prepare, it looks most realistic when completed.

Another unusual dessert and two savory dishes win prizes.

When you make the Rednal custard crumb pudding you'll be delighted to see the way a biscuit mixture forms on top and bottom with a firm baked custard in the middle.

All spoon measurements are level.

### NOVELTY HAT DESSERT

One 8in. sponge sandwich, 1½ cups fruit salad, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 dessertspoon orange juice, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, whipped and sweetened cream or mock cream, 6 glace cherries, mint leaves, ribbon.

Prepare fruit salad. Melt honey, add orange juice and lemon juice, pour over fruit salad. Cut around sponge 2in. from the edge and about 2in. deep. Remove piece carefully. This piece now becomes the crown of the hat. Drain fruit salad, sprinkle syrup all over

surface of cake. Fill centre of cake with fruit salad, place crown of hat in position. Press down if necessary. Cover completely with cream, rough up slightly to represent coarse straw. Arrange cherries and mint leaves on front. Place ribbon in position. Chill.

First Prize of £5 to Miss N. Hodge, 17 Garden Terrace, Underdale, S.A.

### SAVORY TONGUES

Four or five cooked sheep's tongues, ½ cup breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, pinch thyme, pepper and salt, 3 rashers bacon, 1 onion, 1 cup milk, ½ teaspoon mustard, 1 dessertspoon shortening, 2 cups mashed pumpkin and potato mixed, extra dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Skin sheep's tongues while hot; trim. Cut in halves lengthwise. Grease an ovenproof dish, coat with breadcrumbs mixed with parsley, thyme, pepper and salt. Arrange layer of tongues in casserole, cover with chopped bacon (rind removed) and half chopped onion. Add remaining tongues and top with balance of breadcrumb. Blend mustard with

CUSTARD CRUMB PUD-DING was concocted in England during the war years and requires very few ingredients

milk, pour into casserole. Dot with shortening, cover and cook in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 1 hour. Remove lid, cover with pumpkin and potato mixed with remaining onion and extra parsley. Glaze with milk, return to oven until browned.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Gregory, 152 Faraday St., Carlton, Vic.

### REDNAL CUSTARD CRUMB

One cup fine biscuit crumbs (use any plain sweet biscuits), 6 tablespoons sugar, 3 eggs, 1 pint milk, cream, nuts and cherries to decorate.

Place prepared biscuit crumbs in large, greased, ovenproof dish. Beat eggs and sugar, add milk. Gradually pour on to biscuit crumbs. Stir until all crumbs are moistened. Stand in dish of cold water, cook in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) until custard is set, about 1 hour.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Johnson, 20 Edgewood Rd., Rednal, Birmingham, England.

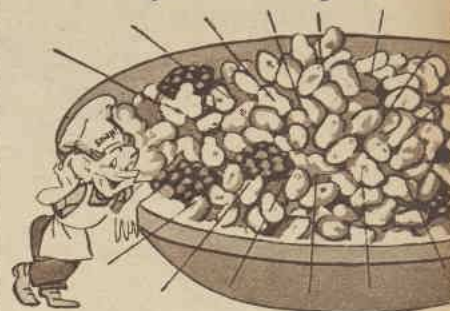
### SAVORY PICNIC PIE

Four ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon fat, 2 rashers bacon, ½ cup mashed potato, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, milk, 2 or 3 eggs.

Line 8in. tart-plate with pastry. Chop onion, fry in fat until tender. Add chopped bacon, cook 2 minutes. Add potato, parsley, salt, pepper, and milk to make soft mixture. Fill into pastry case. Beat eggs, season, pour over potato mixture. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Smith, "Glenhaven," Glen Rd., Oatley, N.S.W.

**SNAP!  
CRACKLE!  
POP!**



Hear those

## RICE BUBBLES\*

sing, sing, sing,  
as you pour  
on the milk!



CRISPY!  
CRUNCHY!

BUSTIN'  
WITH  
ENERGY  
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"Ask your  
Mother to  
give you

Ashton & Parsons' Powders are wonderfully soothing at teething times. They ensure regular, easy motions, cool the blood and are absolutely safe. Try them next time baby is fretful through teething.

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## *Kraft Cheddar Strata*"

says **ELIZABETH COOKE**, Cookery and Nutrition Expert for Kraft.

"Flavour comes first, of course," maintains Elizabeth Cooke, "but don't forget your food values.

"That's where Kraft Cheddar is such a help. You just ask for a packet, and you know you're buying extra nourishment. Kraft Cheddar is rich in high quality proteins, as well as milk minerals. You need both these nutritional elements every day.



"You get them abundantly in delicious Kraft Cheddar, along with vitamins A, B<sub>2</sub>, and D . . . and the mellow goodness of matured Cheddar. Is it any wonder that women with families to feed insist on dependable, appetising Kraft Cheddar?"

Economise this way! You can't eat rind, so buy the cheese without a rind—buy Kraft Cheddar, and save waste. Notice too, how fresh Kraft Cheddar stays in its airtight, hygienic wrap. And it's pasteurised for purity. You can eat and enjoy every last slice. Sold everywhere in the 8 oz. packet and the economical 5 lb. loaf.

Ask for **KRAFT  
CHEDDAR**

in the famous **BLUE PACKET**

### **KRAFT CHEDDAR STRATA** *delicious for lunch or supper.*



**1** Trim crusts from four thick slices day-old bread. Spread with butter or margarine. Arrange half the bread, halved or quartered, in bottom of baking dish, fitting them so that entire surface is covered. Shred a packet of Kraft Cheddar finely. Cover bread with  $\frac{1}{2}$  of cheese.



**2** Beat 2 eggs lightly, add 2 cups milk, salt and pepper. Place remaining bread in dish, add rest of shredded cheese; pour milk and egg mixture over bread, allow to stand about an hour. Set in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 35-45 minutes, or until nicely browned. Garnish with tomato slices. Serves 4.

You're always successful when you cook with Kraft Cheddar. That true Cheddar flavour never changes—whether you bake it, grill it, toast it, or melt it for sauce. And as for sandwiches, Kraft Cheddar is your grand standby.



# Sweet Adventure

**Creamy, cold desserts are ideal for coaxing faltering appetites in hot, summer weather.**

**C**OLD or chilled sweets may be prepared in the morning for dinner at night, or the day before. If you set them in a refrigerator, avoid over-chilling, which destroys the flavor and tends to make jellies leathery.

If setting sweets in an ice-chest, add slightly more gelatine in very hot weather. Add approximately  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon to each 1 teaspoon stipulated in the recipe.

All spoon measurements are level.

## LIME CREAM WITH CHOCOLATE BISCUITS

One packet lime jelly,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup hot water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 12oz. tin unsweetened condensed milk, 1 teaspoon gelatine,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind, chocolate sticks, cherries.

Dissolve jelly in hot water, add lemon juice. Use a small amount to set a pattern of cherries in base of wetted mould. Arrange chocolate sticks around sides, pressing ends lightly into jelly. Chill milk thoroughly, whip until thick. Gradually add sugar, gelatine which has been dissolved in a little extra hot water, and lemon rind. When jelly is cold but not set, add gradually to the cream mixture and continue beating until very thick. Fill into mould, chill until firm.

## CHOCOLATE FLOATING ISLAND

Three-quarters pint vanilla-flavored custard, 2oz. chocolate (melted over boiling water), 2 egg-whites, 2 tablespoons sugar, pinch salt, chocolate sprinkles.

Stir custard and chocolate together until smooth and well mixed. Fill into

serving-dishes, chill. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar and salt, beat until sugar is dissolved. Drop a dessert-spoonful at a time into a shallow pan of gently boiling water. Cover with a large saucepan-lid, cook 5 minutes. Drain on egg-slice, cool, slide one on top of each serving of custard. Top with chocolate.

## BUTTERSCOTCH BANANA SHAPE

One packet yellow or green jelly, 3 bananas, lemon juice, 2 dessertspoons gelatine,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar, 3 dessertspoons butter, 1 cup milk, 1 egg.

Mix jelly in usual way, set half in wetted mould. Melt butter and sugar together, add hot milk, then egg-yolk. Beat well. When cold, add gelatine dissolved in a little hot water. Allow to cool, add stiffly beaten egg-white. Fill into mould on top of jelly, allow to set. Add balance of jelly and a pattern of banana slices dipped in lemon juice. Chill until firm.

## STRAWBERRY MARSHMALLOW

One cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 3 dessertspoons gelatine, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 cup chopped strawberries, 1 small tin cream, strawberry jelly, strawberries.

Boil sugar, water, and gelatine 5 minutes. Cool, add lemon juice. Beat until thick and white, add cream, beat until smooth. Fold in chopped strawberries. Fill into mould in which a layer of strawberry jelly has been set. Chill until firm, add balance of jelly, chill until set. Unmould, decorate with whole strawberries.



by  
our  
food  
and  
cookery  
experts



FRESH FRUITS, jelly, cream, and meringue are the main ingredients used in these attractive summer sweets. Lime cream with chocolate biscuits, chocolate floating island, butterscotch banana shape, and strawberry marshmallows look tempting and are delicious to eat. Marshmallow biscuits, chocolate biscuits, or sweet wafers are good with summer desserts. They make a pretty decoration and add to the flavor.



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# Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, LOthAR: His giant Nubian servant, are horrified when PRINCESS NARDA: Is washed away from their yacht on a raft in a tropical squall. Narda survives the storm and falls asleep. She is rescued by the Raft people, who shelter her in their raft village. An old sailor, who lives with these people, befriends her. She learns to use pontoon shoes for water-walking, and enjoys the sport of deep-sea fishing on foot. At last whales pull the raft to new fishing grounds. NOW READ ON:

THE HUGE RAFT MOVES SLOWLY, PULLED BY THE WHALES TOWARDS A FRESH FISHING GROUND. "OF ALL THINGS!" CRIES NARDA IN AMAZE-MENT, "WHAT NEXT?"

NOW CAN THEY GUIDE THESE BIG THINGS? "SHE DEMANDS--" "THEY DON'T GUIDE 'EM, DON'T CARE MUCH WHERE THEY GO, MOVE FOR A WHILE, THEN STOP," LAUGHS OLD SALT.

SUDDENLY, THE GREAT RAFT SHAKES VIOLENTLY. THE RAFT PEOPLE CRY OUT IN FEAR. "WHAT ON EARTH HAPPENED?" CRIES NARDA--

A PACK OF KILLER SHARKS HAS ATTACKED THE KNURELL! GIANT SEA MAMMALS DIVE AND SWERVE TO AVOID THEIR ATTACKERS--

WARRIORS FROM THE RAFT, WEARING PONTON-SHOES, SWARM INTO THE WATER TO FIGHT OFF THE SHARKS AND SAVE THE WHALES! THEN, AT THE SAME TIME, ANOTHER CALAMITY--

--AS THE FULL FURY OF A TROPICAL HURRICANE STRIKES THEM! THE RAFT PEOPLE BATTLE AGAINST THE DOUBLE DANGER AS HUTS COLLAPSE AND WAVES WASH OVER THE SIDES! "NARDA!" CRIES OLD SALT, STRUGGLING TOWARDS HER AS SHE FALLS!

OLD SALT BATTLES THE STORM, CARRYING NARDA ACROSS THE WRECKAGE STREWN RAFT, TO HER OWN SMALL RUBBER RAFT. ONLY DIMLY REALIZES WHAT IS HAPPENING--

HE LASHES HER TO HER SMALL RAFT. "YOU'LL BE SAFER OUT THERE. NO TELLIN' WHAT DANGER LIES AHEAD!" HE MUTTERS, SHOVING HER OFF--

TO BE CONTINUED





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